Jan. 5, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

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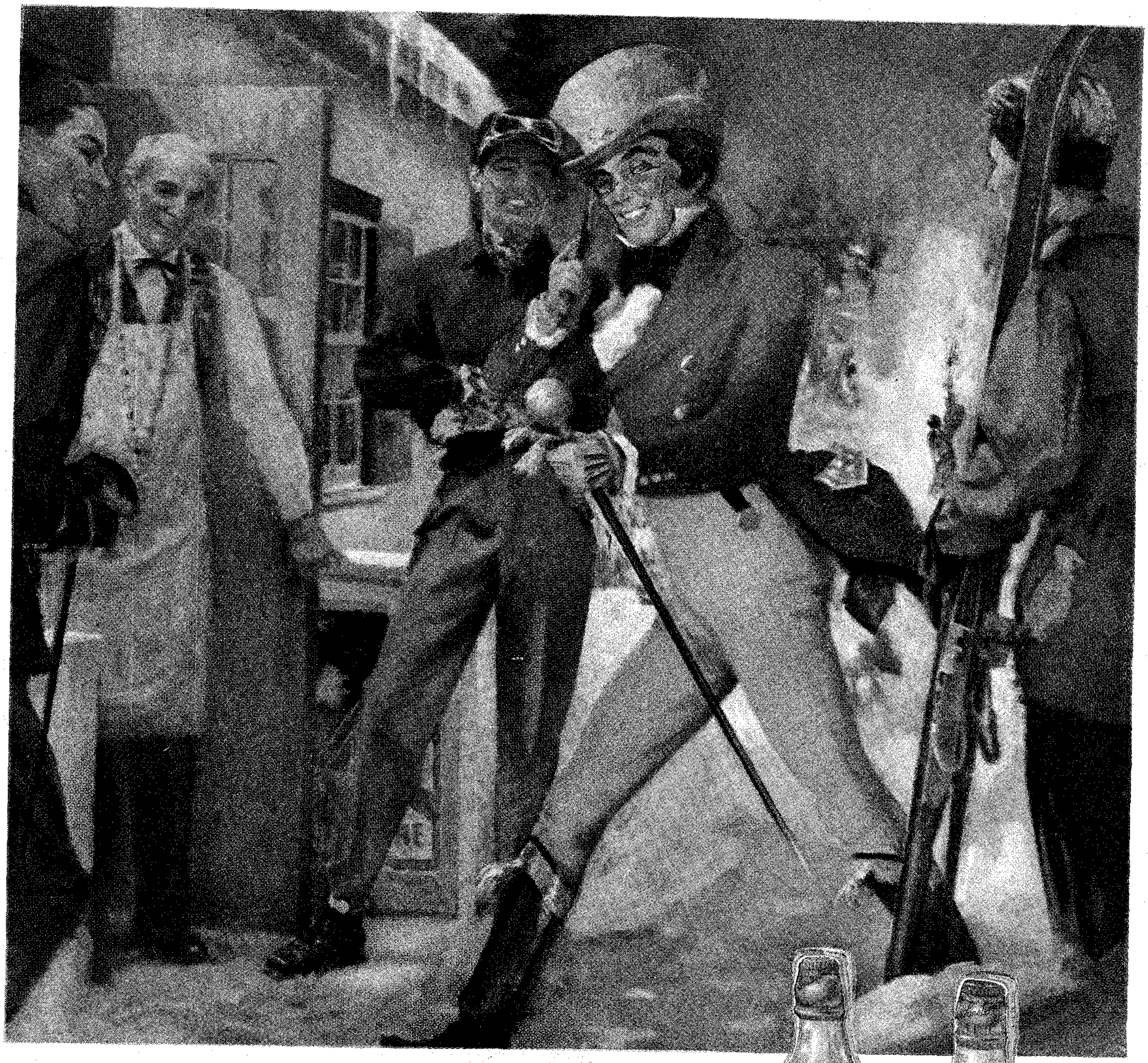

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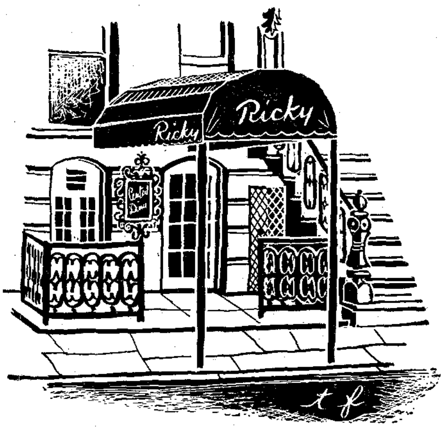

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, as stylish as usual, in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 5; Tuesday evening, Jan. 8; and Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 10-11. "Antony and Cleopatra": Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 3-4; Monday evening, Jan. 7; Wednesday matinée and evening, Jan. 9; and Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 12. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Through Saturday, April 12.)

The Constant Wife—Somerset Maugham's 1926 comedy concerning a lady who has remarkably superior views about sex has been revived with a cast headed by Katharine Cornell and including Brian Aherne and Grace George. In spite of the efforts of these talented people and of Guthrie McClintic's direction, it shows its age. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's lively dramatization of the Colette novel. As the young lady whose relatives are determined to establish her as a leading demimondaine in Paris, Audrey Hepburn is altogether charming. Gilbert Miller has provided fine period surroundings for her, and has given her the assistance of such capable actors as Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Glad Tidings—Protracted variations on a none too sharp joke concerning a man who belatedly finds that he is the father of a girl of nineteen. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are among the unhappy participants. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. May close after Saturday, Jan. 5.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris is wonderful as a high-class British tart in John van Druten's lively, if not particularly distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Legend of Lovers—This version of Jean Anouilh's play, which, in turn, is vaguely based on the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, may contain too much Gallic sex and too little coherent plotting for local audiences. Dorothy McGuire and Richard Burton have the title roles, and Hugh Griffith, Edith King, Bruce Gordon, and Noel Willman figure prominently in their support. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lo and Behold!—A quartet of comic ghosts and a pair of human lovers on the loose in a comedy that has its funny moments, even though it is a trifle lengthy. Directed by Burgess Meredith, it includes in its cast Leo G. Carroll, Lee Grant, Jeffrey Lynn, and Doro Merande. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Theatre Company—Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," with Maurice Evans, Kent Smith, Mildred Dunnock, and Diana Lynn, is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," with Celeste Holm, Art Smith, Grace Valentine, and Kevin McCarthy, will open on Wednesday, Jan. 9, and run through Sunday, Jan. 20. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nina—Alan Webb's marvellously comic behavior as a Parisian cuckold is about the only thing to recommend this tiresome farce, though David Niven and Gloria Swanson are also visible on the premises. The piece was translated by Samuel Taylor from something by André Roussin. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)

The Number—George Abbott's direction doesn't quite make this amorphous melodrama about a numbers racketeer jell. Anthony Ross plays the malefactor. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is excellent. Mr. Fonda has the assistance of Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Remains to Be Seen—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the outcome is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself. It is rocky going for every one of them, but they show remarkably few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—Shaw's famous play about that girl from Domremy has been given a rich production by the Theatre Guild, and the result is plainly a triumph. The first-rate cast, directed by Margaret Webster, is headed by Uta Hagen, who is enthusiastically abetted by John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and a multitude of others, almost equally gifted. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Moves on Tuesday, Jan. 8, to the Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stalag 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company in it. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—affairs of state: Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are around, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the moon is blue:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Kiss Me, Kate—A four-week return engagement of the musical by Cole Porter and Sam and Bella Spewack. With Robert Wright and Holly Harris. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 8. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Paint Your Wagon—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and James Mitchell are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly helped out by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a capable company assist Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Mat-

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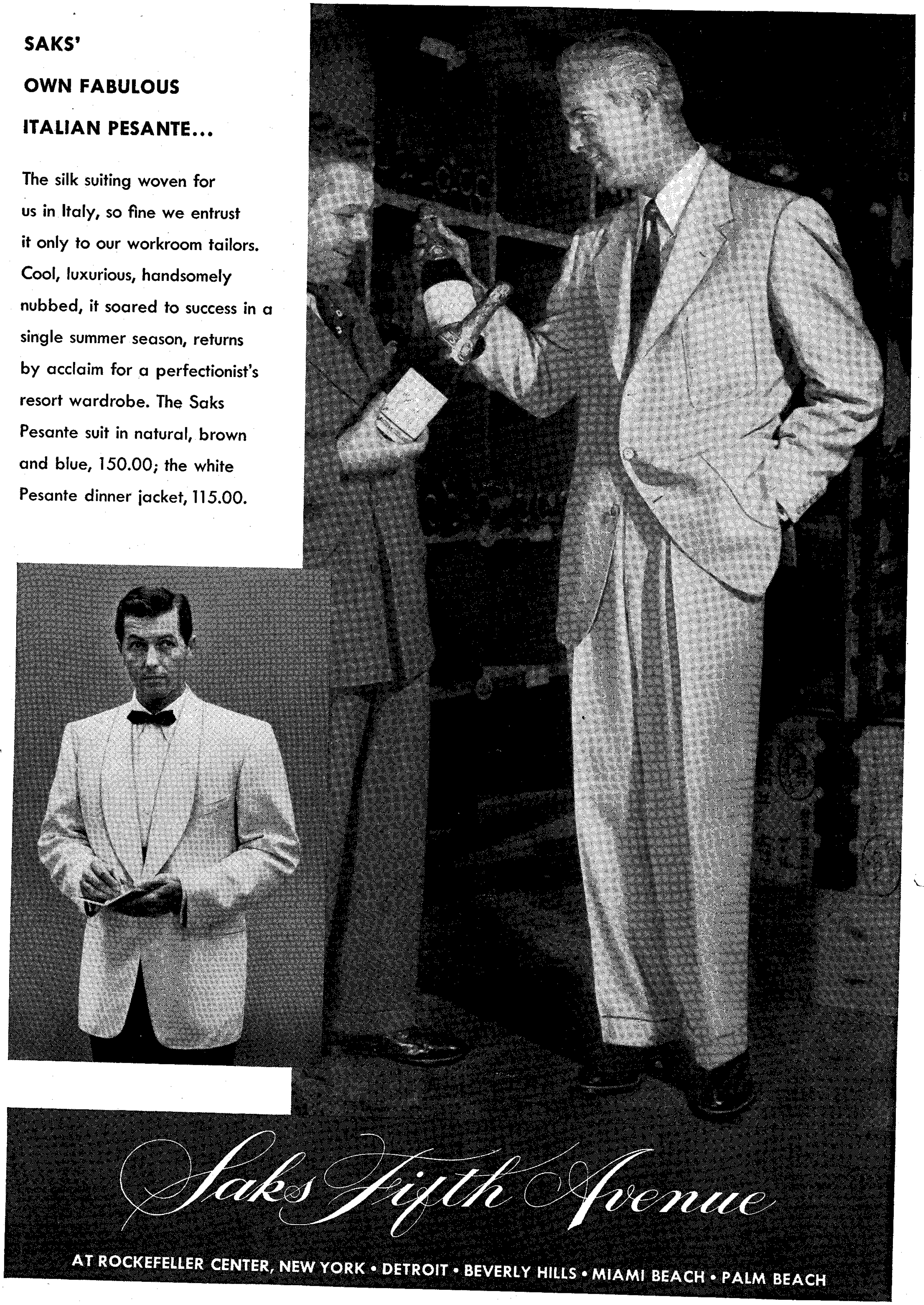

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner still have the leading parts in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

PAL JOEY—Vivienne Segal and Harold Lang in a revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical for which John O'Hara wrote the book. Presented by Jule Styne and Leonard Key, in association with Anthony B. Farrell. Book directed by David Alexander and production supervised by Robert Alton. Opens Thursday, Jan. 3. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

UDAY SHANKAR AND HIS HINDU BALLET—Ballet, along with folk, religious, and other dances. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, Jan. 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—On the floor of the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band. At cocktail time, William Adler's quartet fools around in the rotunda.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays. Except Sundays, the quartet plays at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are a lot closer to zero than those in the old place, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner in the big restaurant. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A hanging garden that must have been left over from comfy, carefree old Babylon. Ted Straeter and his dance orchestra and Pancho's rumba band make the night merry from eight-thirty on. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Well, now there are *puppets* in the Terrace Room ice show, along with the customary young ladies. Adrian Rollini's trio and Tommy Reynolds' band play dance music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Hildegarde, the girl who made Milwaukee and Mack trucks famous. The guests dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays, a dinner show only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Morgan, just about the most soul-stirring of all the lilting ladies who sing for a living, is in the Persian Room. The three Hamiltons dance, and Dick LaSalle's and Mark Monte's orchestras take care of the customers' exercises. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras glide from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: Guy Lombardo's assorted music-makers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, that well-run household, there's a new moppet, Hollywood's Polly Bergen, whose ballads blend neatly with the artful music of Jack Kelly's trio. Miss B. has things to learn, but she's young, pretty, spry, and poodle-cut, and she'll do for now. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Emil Coleman is at work in the social little Carnaval Room. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ray Anthony's orchestra trumpets away during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An unofficial annex of the Junior League, with a late curfew. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A fetching lot of youngsters—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—put their hearts into their work, which happens to be a blithe little musical comedy. Carmen Torres, who's also concerned, has a Metropolitan voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, Les Compagnons de la Chanson act out and sing, in our tongue and theirs, their enchanting songs about life, love, and the pursuit of happiness. As usual, there's a dance team, too—Pierre d'Angelo and Ana, at the moment. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away the whole evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Don Rodney's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—A romantic view of New York 19, N. Y., and one or two other glamorous areas, is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room's cocktail lounge, which is open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

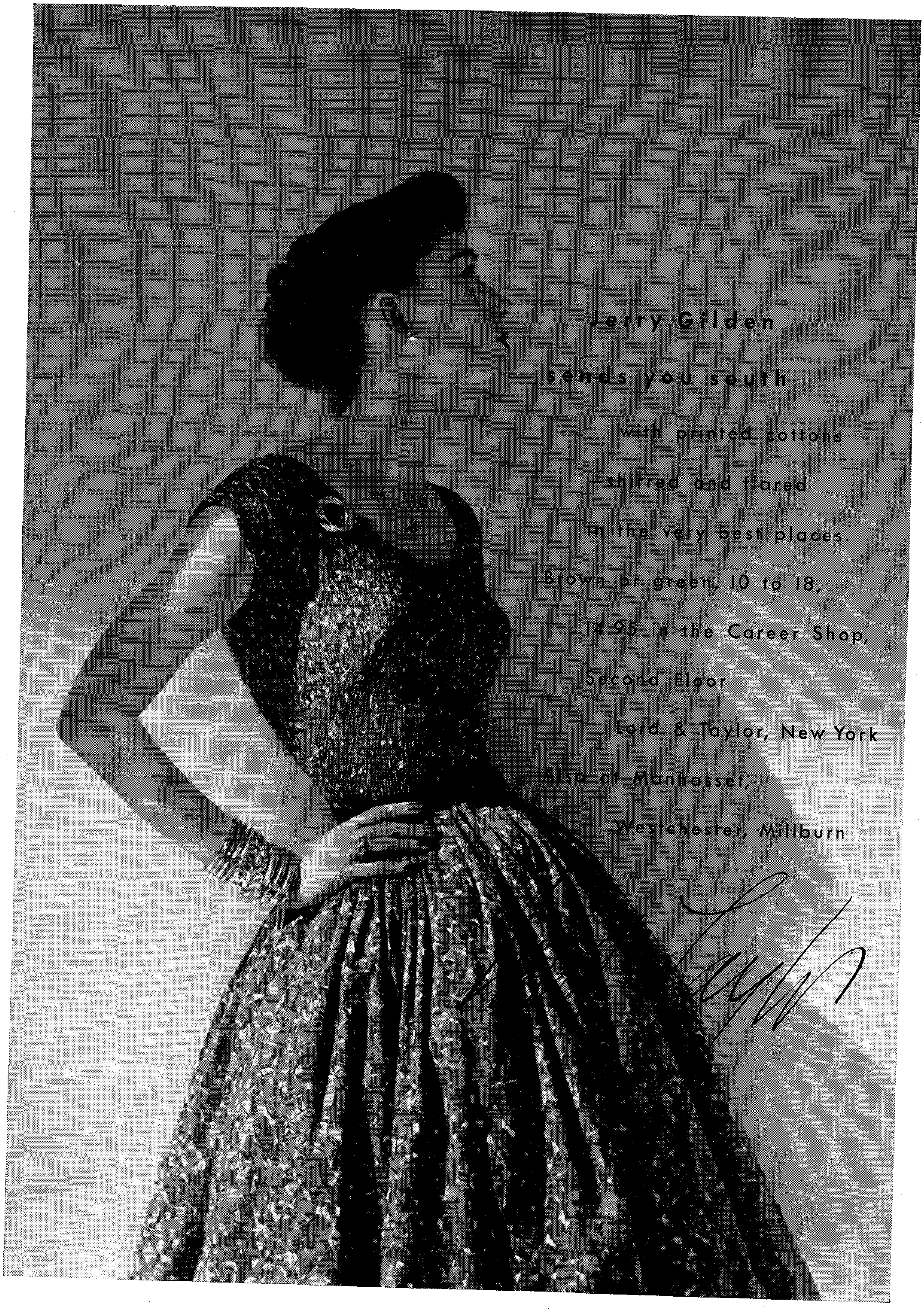
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The moving spirit here is Eddie Davis, whose dance music is wedding-party and whose smile is all-embracing. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): An after-theatre gathering spot for young ones who have a few hours to kill before dawn. Louis Hawkins serves as moderator, pianist, and bulletin board, and Van Wood, newly arrived from the *boîtes* of Paris and Capri, serves as troubador. Mr. H. also plays from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Saturday, Jan. 5, is the last time for Pearl Bailey's revival of prohibition night life in Harlem. Next night, Anita Ellis blows in from the Coast to start carolling. The best reason, though, for blowing in yourself is a once-in-a-lifetime flight of fancy, Les Mains d'Yves Joly, a group of pantomimists of whom it can be said that they do everything by hand. There's also music by the Soft Winds and Ernie Warren's trio. Dancing. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain embellishes the dark hours between ten and one on weekdays and nine and twelve on Sundays, with his nostalgic piano. Monday is his sabbatical. . . . **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The décor has a decided list to port, but after nine-thirty, except Mondays, there's Cy Walter in splendid rapport with his piano. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for one of the town's most energetic collections of conversationalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except on Sundays, this guys-and-dolls trysting place has (after dinner) the trio of Sonny Kendis, who drives his piano as if he were Barney Oldfield. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive man with a baby grand, is here from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Andalusian Eddie Condon, chats with and sings at his friends as he wields a puissant guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan's festive piano adds a pleasant condiment to dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jackie Miles, repository of many a tried-and-true



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gag, and Mitzi Green, a brash and bouncing comedienne. The dance team of Harrison and Fisher is another part of the teeming cast. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An assortment of foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, burlesque, sawdust, hubbub, and stupendous puns by Paul Killiam. Visiting performers drop in on Mondays at midnight. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Charles Trenet, a leading French elf, is at large in the back room, where Kirkwood and Goodman, who can be pretty elfin on their own hook, unravel some choice non sequiturs. Peggy King, a rather nice dish, does the ballads. The richly inlaid background music comes from the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides piano music at the dinner hour, and Eadie and Rack play their celebrated piano duets after the theatre, except Saturdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Bibi Osterwald, a blockbuster of a soubrette, takes her ballads by storm, and the Three Riffs set their brisk banter to brisk music. Bea Arthur toys with the blues in a bedrock voice, the Norman Paris trio plays celestial music, and Julius Monk is the *conférencier*. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonté has at last found his niche, which turns out to be folk songs. Royce Wallace does seductive lyrics, and Phil Leeds tells funny stories on everyone, including himself. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews' authoritative discussion of some pressing problems—how to get the wolf inside the door, etc., etc.—and Jeff Warren's warm-hearted ballad singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The mixture as before—circus-calliope songs by Mae Barnes, romantic ones by Jimmie Daniels, and barrel-house piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. The Three Flames, led by the superheated Tiger Haines, add a sheaf of catalytic ditties to this potpourri, while Tony and Eddie make outrageous fun of some notable recording artists. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special collection of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, whose trumpet rises over the tumult like thunder from China, is aided in his lifework by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and even Mr. Condon, when he isn't tablehopping. Ralph Sutton tears off pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hotshots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sunday evenings, Red Norvo's trio (Tal Farlow is on guitar) turns out quiet and sort of wonderful progressive jazz, and Joe Bushkin, the local pianist and wit, is in charge of three smart cacophonists (Jo and Jonah Jones, and Milt Hinton) of his own. Sunday evenings, Bobby Hackett and his light artillery take the field. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is back home in this noisy old parlor. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's group, which includes Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, performs its special brand of welkin-ringing here. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights, closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Thursday, Jan. 10, songs by Al Hibbler and music (more or less) by Johnny Hodges' band. Lester Young's jazzmen, who are also around, will stay on. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On Jan. 4, a group of familiar faces, among them Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Sonny Greer, Lou McGarity, Bobby Byrne, and Cliff Jackson. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This time (Jan. 4), the marksmen will include Willie the Lion Smith, Arthur Trappier, Red Allen, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, and Conrad Janis's band. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ART FOR PARIS—Twenty paintings by as many artists, mostly of the abstract-Expressionist group, selected for an exhibition next year in Paris; through Jan. 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

VIRGINIA BERRESFORD—Owls and the sea are among the subjects of twelve paintings here; through Jan. 16. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Abstract paintings, a bit in the tradition of Bradley Walker Tomlin, and done with a good sense of color and structure; through Jan. 5. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA—Paintings, swiftly linear in style, in a first American showing by one of the younger Italian moderns; through Jan. 15. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

JAMES FITZSIMMONS—Abstract canvases, rather stark in color and design, in the début exhibition of an artist known mostly for his photographs; through Jan. 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.)

FORTY-SIX SCULPTORS—A pleasantly varied exhibition, featuring works by such artists as John Hovannes, Seymour Lipton, George Cerny, and Dorothea Greenbaum; through Jan. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

GERTRUDE GREENE—Abstract oils, many of them done in black-and-white but with an airy quality about them that softens their severity; through Jan. 12. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Maxwell Gordon, Robert Gwathmey, Tromka, and Charles White; through Jan. 5. . . . **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A review of the past year, represented by ten paintings and four sculptures by members of the gallery, including William Baziotes, Hans Hofmann, and David Hare; through Jan. 5. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures, plus prints and drawings, by Max Kahn, André Ruellan, and Karl Schrag, among others; through Jan. 12. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Shirley Hendrick, Joseph Kaplan, Louis Tytell, and others; through Jan. 5. Weekdays, 11 to 6. . . . **CURT VALENTIN,** 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary European and American oils and sculptures, including works by Max Beckmann, Lionel Feininger, and Paul Klee; through Jan. 12.

SCULPTURE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC—A small but magnificent collection of Polynesian and other Oceanic native carvings, many of them rare; through Jan. 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

MARY STEELE—Her first solo showing of oils, a little labored in style, but with an excellent feeling for strong design; through Jan. 5. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: John Marin; through Jan. 26. . . . **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Leonid; through Jan. 26. . . . **PERIDOT,** 6 E. 12th St.: Philip Guston; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31. **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31. **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 2.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A large and well-organized loan exhibition, analyzing and illustrating the various trends in American painting from 1900 to the present; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The story of the three Magi, as depicted in paintings, sculptures, textiles, ivory carvings, and manuscripts; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish ceremonial objects from the collection presented to the Museum during the past ten years by H. G. Friedman, along with paintings by Edouard Moysé. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection, all given or bequeathed to the Museum. . . . ¶ A nostalgic set of memorabilia, from or about the Crystal Palace Fair in London, commemorating its centenary anniversary; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints and illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Vence, France; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A new group showing by Europeans and Americans; through Feb. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a lively and well-balanced show; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ John Sloan retrospective exhibition; starting Jan. 10. (Daily, except Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 7-9, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:30. "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Mario Del Monaco, Renato Capecchi, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Hilde Gueden, Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayão, Patrice Munsel, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call AL 5-5130.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Richard Tucker, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Lorenzo Alvary; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter. (A benefit for the Free Milk Fund for Babies; for tickets, call BR 9-9000.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Paula Lenchner, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Margaret Harshaw, Kurt Baum, and Giuseppe Valdengo.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—Through Saturday, Jan. 5: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli directing: Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:30 (all with the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting: Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:45, a concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Myra Hess, piano; Nathan Milstein, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello). . . . ¶ Guido Cantelli conducting: Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 11, at 2:30 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano).

Little Orchestra Society—At Town Hall, Thomas Scherman conducting—Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:45: A program presenting the 1951 winners of the Music Education League's concerto and vocal competitions. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: With Cesare Siepi, bass.

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting an all-Haydn program, with Jeanne Mitchell, violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

José Iturbi—Playing the piano and conducting the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in four concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Charles Schiff conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

West Point Cadet Glee Club and United States Military Academy Band—A joint concert, directed by Lieutenant Barry H. Drews and Captain Francis E. Resta, with Marguerite Piazza, soprano, and Walter Cassel, baritone. A benefit for Army Emergency Relief. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Choral Masterwork Series—Robert Shaw directing the Robert Shaw Chorale and the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in the first of a series of seven programs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—William H. Scheide, directing a chorus and orchestra, and with Jennie Tourel, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor;

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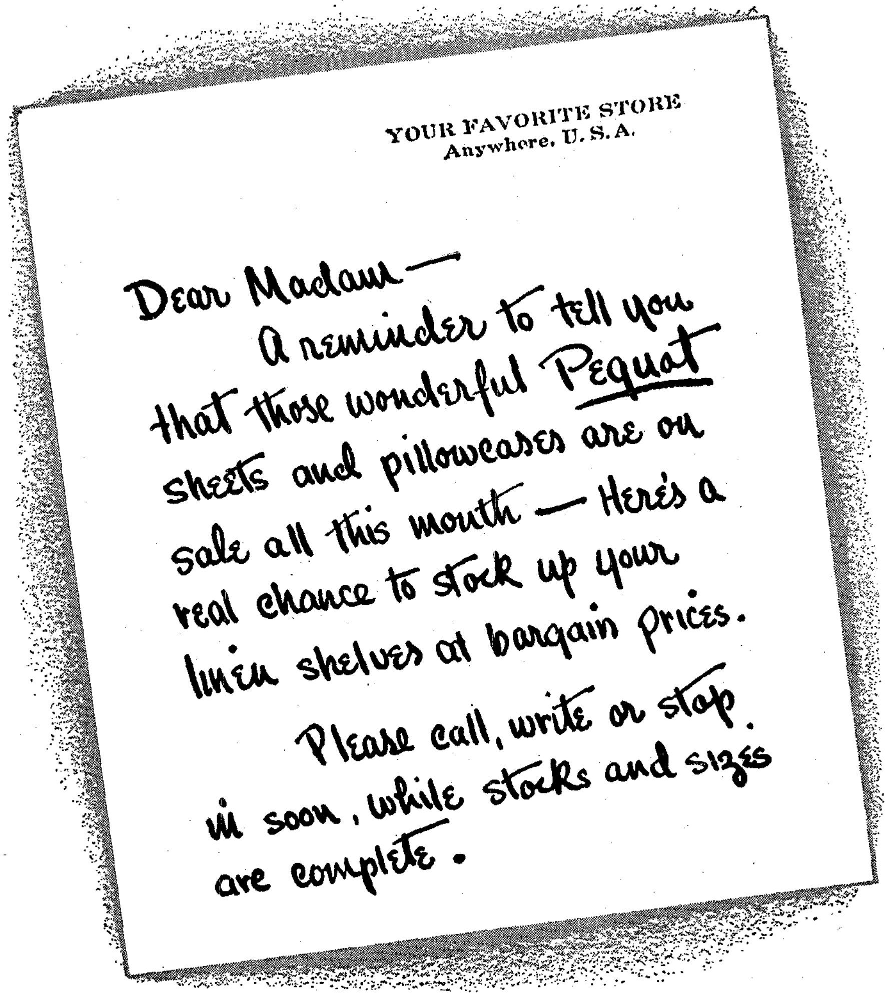
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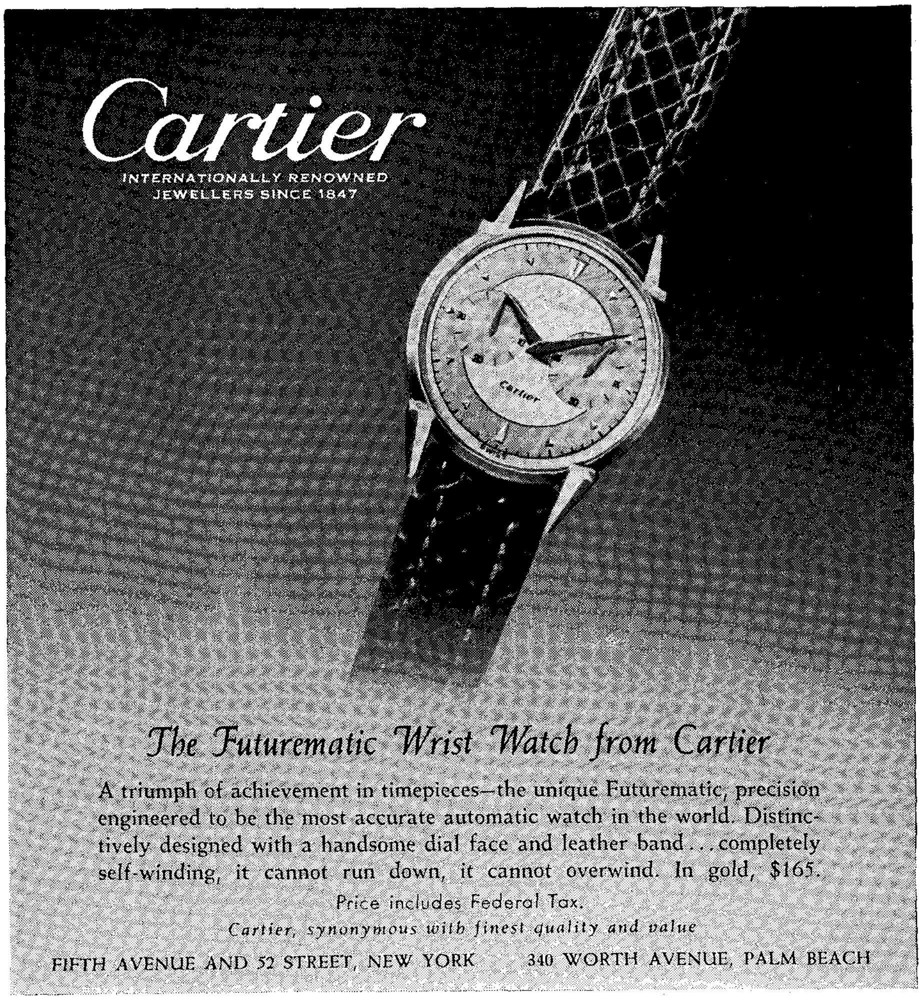
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Norman Farrow, baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New Friends of Music—The Budapest String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5:30.)

Ben Jones—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Schneider Quartet—The seventh performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:40.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Camilla Williams—Soprano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—With Lucile Lawrence, harp. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Edmund Kurtz—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Anahid and Maro Ajemian—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Note—William Primrose will give a viola recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 8, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 4: Chico Vejar vs. Enrique Bolanos, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 11: Paddy Young vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—Olympic Tryouts—Men's open individual foil. (Fencer's Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Saturday, Jan. 5, at noon.) . . . ¶ Men's open individual sabre. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Sunday, Jan. 6, at noon.) . . . ¶ Men's open individual épée. (Fencer's Club. Saturday, Jan. 12, at noon.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 6: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 5.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Skating—Silver Skates finals. For the benefit of the *Daily News* Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Igor Buketoff, with Nena del Rosario, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 11.)

Plays—By the **junior theatre:** "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets,

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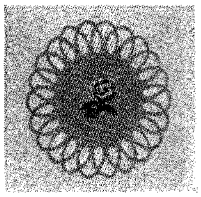

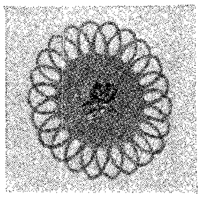

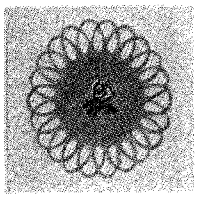

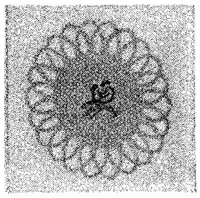

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

call CI 6-0224.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3.) . . . **PLAYMART:** "Puss in Boots." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:30 and 3:15.)

RUFUS ROSE MARIONETTES—"Pinocchio." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 11.)

MISCELLANY—"Showboat Express," a variety program. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.) . . . ¶ Songs and dances of many lands. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-art carnival for children of from four to eight, comprising a miniature gallery, with works of art, toys, sculptures, and mobiles, and a studio workshop, where the youngsters may paint as well as make collages and constructions. The gallery also contains a color organ, which, by the operation of keys and foot pedals, can be made to produce color patterns on a screen. Hour-long sessions are held weekdays at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, and Sunday at 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around the end of February. However, films of the Paris sessions may be seen on WCBS-TV, starting Monday, Jan. 7; broadcasts will be at 6, Mondays through Fridays, and at 3 on Sundays. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—A parlor scene representing a New York family's Christmas a hundred years ago, including a Christmas tree, toys, and life-size figures dressed in the fashions of the time; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Playbills (the oldest is dated Sept. 4, 1851), photographs, stage models, and other memorabilia tracing the history of productions to be heard this season at the Metropolitan Opera, along with costumes worn by stars of the past, among them Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso; through March 30. (Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The January show is called "Mysteries of the Milky Way." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 3-5, at 1:45: Louis XV, Louis XVI, Queen Anne, and Georgian furniture, decorations (including Chinese objects of art), Old English and Irish cut glass, and silver, from the collection of the late Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 1:45: Americana, including manuscripts in various languages, plus incunabula, newspapers, and books about books, the property of Roger W. Barrett. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8: Japanese color prints by, among others, Utamaro, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, from the collections of H. Takano and Julius Derenberg. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8: Paintings, drawings, prints, and bronzes by modern French artists, among them Degas, Renoir, Matisse, and Maillol, owned by Stanley N. Barbee and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 5.

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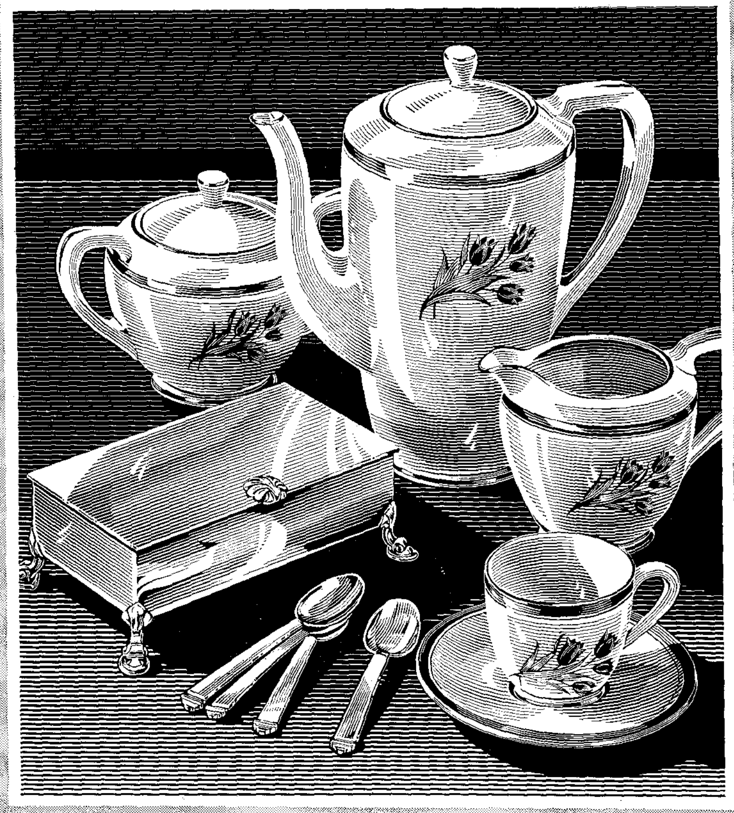

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin tunes and a jaunty book by Alan J. Lerner make this a highly entertaining musical. Gene Kelly is a most diverting American artist on the loose along the Seine. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Jan. 4-7....¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 6....¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 7-8....¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 8.)

Detective Story—A first-rate treatment of the Sidney Kingsley melodrama dealing with activities in a police station. The acting is uniformly excellent, and among those who figure in the film are Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Miracle in Milan—A funny Italian picture about an inspired foundling who becomes the teen-age leader of a mob of highly picturesque tramps living on a dump near Milan. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film is reminiscent of the fine old works of Chaplin and Clair. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

A Place in the Sun—Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in George Stevens' engrossing interpretation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 6-8, tentative.)

Quo Vadis—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—The Northern Blues against the Southern Grays, in a picture, made by John Huston, that somehow isn't anything like as compelling as the Stephen Crane novel from which it derives. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Jan. 4.)

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A literal translation to the screen of the Tennessee Williams play about a Southern lady, no better than the next, and her Polish brother-in-law, who is much worse. Directed by Elia Kazan, and powerfully enacted by Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; Jan. 3....¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Jan. 8.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 8, tentative.)

Captain Boycott (1947)—Nasty landlords in the eighteen-eighties, and how the Irish dealt with them. An English picture, with Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Jan. 5....¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 6-7.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart are also in it. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 4-5....¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 6-7....¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 8....¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 9, tentative.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215; through Jan. 7. Showings at 2:30 and 5:30; extra performance Saturday and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday evening at 11:30.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 3....¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 9, tentative.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 6-7....¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 8....¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 9, tentative.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 5, tentative....¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 6-8.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 9.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 5.)

Trio (1950)—The second English screen translation of Somerset Maugham stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 5, tentative.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy, with Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 9, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 6, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess....¶ Starting Jan. 7, showings at 3: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through Jan. 7: **HENRY V**, revival.
From Jan. 8: Theatre will be closed.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Westward the Women," Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 9: "I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Double Dynamite!," Jane Russell, Groucho Marx.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Elopement," Clifton Webb, Anne Francis.

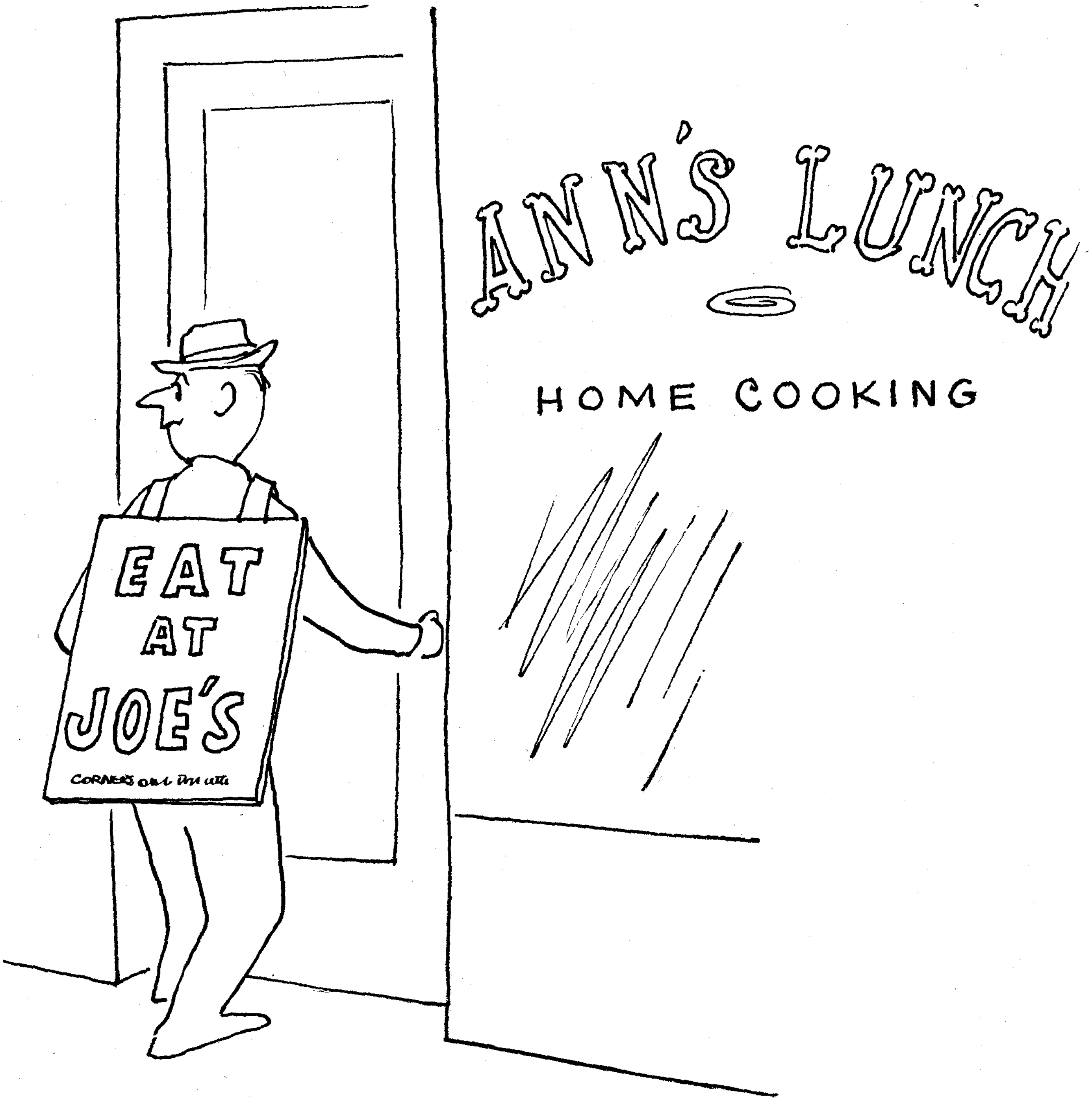
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 9 (tentative): "The Wild Blue Yonder," Wendell Corey, Vera Ralston.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Distant Drums," Gary Cooper, Mari Aldon.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!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EAT AT JOE'S
CORNER

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the theory that we might enjoy reading its letterhead, a novelist of our acquaintance has passed on to us a communication he received recently from the International Mark Twain Society, of 5972 Clemens Avenue, St. Louis 12, Missouri, apprising him of his nomination to honorary membership. Well, we *have* enjoyed the letterhead. For one thing, it has made us realize anew how fraught with meaninglessness the lists on many such letterheads are, how hard it is to get off one once you're on, and with what skepticism letterhead connections should be regarded. In the case of the I.M.T.S., even death is not a sure way out.

Harry Truman is, of course, honorary president of the I.M.T.S.; honorary vice-presidents are Clare Boothe Luce, Lady Astor, Herbert Hoover, and Bernard Shaw; the Society's chaplains are the Archbishop of Canterbury and Edward Cardinal Mooney; the chairmen of its music, poetry, dramatic, fiction, art, essay, cinema, and biographical committees are, respectively, Jean Sibelius, Carl Sandburg, Helen Hayes, Edna Ferber, Norman Rockwell, Helen Keller, Mary Pickford, and Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill is also listed as English representative; the Continental representative is the Duke of Windsor, and the South African representative is Jan Smuts. The Chinese, German, and Indian representatives, defying the laws of practically everything, are Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Thomas Mann, and Viscount Wavell. King Leopold of Belgium is chairman of the entomological committee.

"There are many solitary writers and other artists who feel greatly encouraged when they can keep in touch with such an organization," a leaflet accompanying our friend's letter read. This seems to us an understatement. What solitary writer at a Society get-together could feel a moment's loneliness listening to Leopold discussing Huckleberry Finn and the zebra swallowtail with such honorary members—some of them a touch spectral—as Willa Cather, Walter De la Mare; Generals Eisenhower, Marshall, Arnold, and Montgomery; Admirals Nimitz and Halsey; Kathleen Norris, Alben Barkley, Mrs. Harry S. Truman, Eugene O'Neill, T. S. Eliot, Evangeline Booth, Edgar Lee Masters, Albert Einstein, Faith Baldwin, Governor Dewey; the Dukes of Marlborough, Somerset, and Richmond; and Cornelia Otis Skinner? Come to think of it, Leopold isn't a king any longer, and it may be that his departure from the throne was caused by his having one foot in St. Louis.

In Butter

THE steady rise in the price of domestic meats has led to a search for comparatively cheap, comparatively edible substitutes, some of which are downright peculiar. For example, we've heard that a restaurant we sometimes patronize is contemplating a return to the mock-veal choplet, a blanched and spongy dish devised in the darkest hours of the Second World War; for another, whale steak is now available in a number of restaurants around town, among them Holland House, the Miramar, and the Café Français. It is also to be had in the cafeteria at Hunter College, where the manager was good enough to try it out first on the faculty. Whale is an old story to Norwegians, for whom it has been the only meat in ample supply since the war, and a Norwegian businessman and whaler named Kristian Gjölberg is the fellow responsible for its increasing presence here. We had a talk with Gjölberg the other day, in the office of his public-relations man, Joseph Peters. (Question: What does a Norwegian whaler want with a public-relations man? Answer: If it comes to that, what are we doing eating whale?) Gjölberg, a wispy, bespectacled man, was wearing a suit that was several sizes too large for him, and Peters volunteered the information that his client had been reducing. "Forty pounds in six months I lose," said Gjölberg, taking in slack. "Mr. Gjölberg eats whale steak three times a week," said Peters. "Very good for reducing. Whale steak is one per cent fat, beefsteak ten per cent."

We urged Gjölberg to give us the big picture, and he told us that he had imported eighty thousand pounds of frozen whale steak during the past year. He could have sold many times that amount if he'd had it, but the 1951 Norwegian whaling season, which runs from mid-April to mid-October, was the worst in twenty years. Gjölberg's three ketches, operating out of his whaling station, near Trondheim, harpooned only a hundred whales; in better seasons, up to three hundred and twenty-seven whales have been harpooned. Next year, Gjölberg hopes to import two million pounds of whale meat, and he estimates that the American market will eventually be good for ten million pounds of whale a year, or two-thirds the current annual consumption of whale in Norway. The meat comes in boneless, one-pound chunks, wrapped in cellophane and bearing the trade name "Capt. Seth's Frozen Tenderloin Norwegian Whale Steak." "We're thinking of changing the name," Peters said, uneasily. "There's something about it that doesn't sound quite right." At the moment, it can be bought at Macy's (ninety-eight cents), at a supermarket in London Terrace, where Gjölberg stays when in town, and at a couple of other places. By next summer, Gjölberg hopes to have whale on sale all over the place. As if business were not already booming enough, he recently got a boost from a press report that the Vatican had ruled that Catholics may eat whale meat on Fridays.

Most of Gjölberg's whale meat comes from the finback whale, which attains a maximum length of eighty feet and a maximum weight of eighty tons. An average-size whale weighs around sixty-five tons, dripping wet, and yields from three to four tons of tenderloin steak and a like amount of sausage meat. (Norwegians down whale in the form of steak, sausages, and a sort of hamburger, but for import purposes Gjölberg expects to stick to steak.) The oil in the rest of the carcass is used to make margarine, and the bones are ground up for cattle feed. Gjölberg claims that Norwegian coastal whales provide the finest meat in the world, thanks to a diet of plankton and of delectable minerals that are washed down through the fiords in springtime, when the glaciers thaw. According to Gjölberg, the best way to prepare whale steak is to fry it in butter, in a very hot pan. Peters put in that he had tried broiling the steak over charcoal but that it hadn't worked very well. "Not enough fat," he said. "Another thing to watch out for, the steak has to be cooked the minute it thaws. Otherwise, you're likely to get some—uh—oxidation."

Gjölberg pleaded with us to give whale steak a whirl, and we did so a day or two later, at the Miramar. With mushroom sauce and French-fried onions, it was listed on the menu at $2.25. When the whale reached the table, it might have been mistaken for a filet mignon. Black outside, red and juicy inside, it tasted very much like real, or beef, steak, though a trifle blander. Plankton or no plankton, it didn't taste fishy. Made us wonder whether the Vatican hadn't gone a bit too far.

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WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE: A large neon roadside sign near Lafayette, California, proclaims "Hidden Valley."

Epithalamium

THE first convention of the American Association of Marriage Brokers, Counsellors, Friendship Centers, and Social Introduction Services was held at the Hotel Astor one day last week and attended by a couple of dozen interested parties, including us.

1
RESERVATIONS
BOX OFFICE
THE CRITICS SAY

When we arrived, we found the Cupids sitting in a circle in the foyer of the ballroom, listening halfheartedly to one of their number, a bald man in a brown suit, who spoke from his chair. "This is the birth of a movement that may become nationwide. This is the triumph of honest men," he declared.

"I hope we never get too big to remember love," said a lady sitting alongside him.

"We are prepared to bring people together on a businesslike or unbusinesslike basis," the bald man pointed out. "There are women looking for a man capable of running a business. Some women have ten thousand dollars to be managed. It is the duty of the counsellor to see if he has the proper businessman on file for her. What he's supposed to try to do is take two molecules and blend them."

"That's really nicely put," said a lady with a Southern accent.

"I don't become involved in marriage proper," a colored gentleman observed. "I am pre-nuptial. I don't know where we'd be without Sigmund Freud."

A lady in a lynx cape glided in, looked mysteriously around, muttered, "The old goat probably fell down a manhole," and vanished.

We became aware of the fixed scrutiny of a stocky individual across the foyer. After peering at us for some time, he approached us and demanded, "What do you think I am?"

"Marriage broker," we said nervously.

"Marriage?," he said. "That's where you're wrong. B. F. Hayes, auctioneer and appraiser—that's me. Don't know what they asked me here for, but whatever they want to auction off, even if it's a woman Gargantua wouldn't have, I'll do it. Never say die."

Mr. Hayes moved on, and we were joined by a Mr. Anton Wagner, proprietor of the Social Contact Center, Inc., formerly the Social Friendship Circle, an Exclusive Center of Confidential Introduction. "My New York headquarters is at 30 West Seventy-second Street, the old Morgenthau mansion," Mr. Wagner told us. He went on to say that he had a prince from Tiflis in his files and a city magistrate as well, that he charged fifty dollars as a minimum initiation fee, and ten per cent of the dowry on acquaintanceships that wound up at the altar.

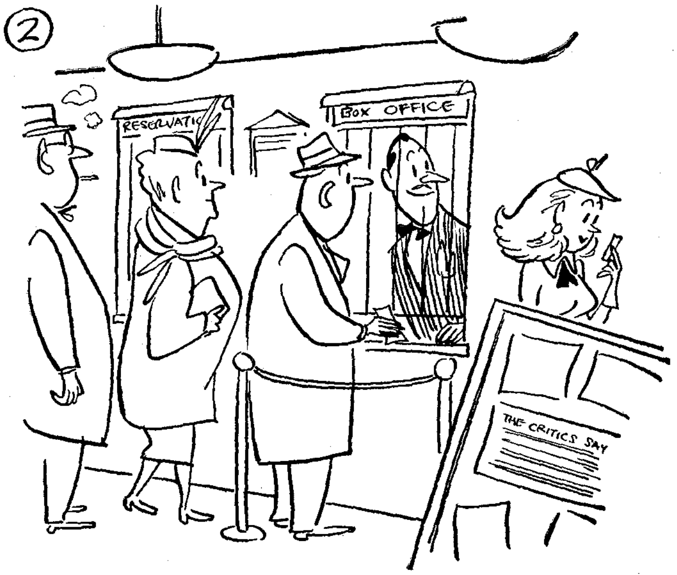
"Would you step aside?" a lady inquired of us. "I have a yearning for this man in a businesslike way."

As the lady made off with Mr. Wagner, he called over his shoulder, "It's the women who need mates!" We were reflecting on this when we overheard a Boston broker informing the group that business up his way was fierce. "What chance have I got?" he asked. "The families act like brokers. But I will say that when you do get any business, it's a nice class of people."

The gathering was suddenly confronted by three sheepish-looking youths carrying signs that read, "The Bachelor Clubs Protest Against Marriage Clubs." The marriage faction paid them no heed, and presently they went away.

A plump, authoritative character called all hands to order in the ballroom and earnestly addressed his audience. "This organization now has sixty-three actual members and four hundred potential members throughout the country, and I am proud to be your moderator. People seek help—a companion and mate—and pay in faith and are served in faith by reputable men. But the spurious operators—what a bad gang!" The moderator continued to denounce the bad ones for quite a while. Then he introduced a taxi-driver named David Gould, who was, he said, a real philosopher.

"Folks," said Mr. Gould, "I do human-relations work, which mainly consists of after you people finish your end of the bargain. Many people come to me after they've tried learned men, ②



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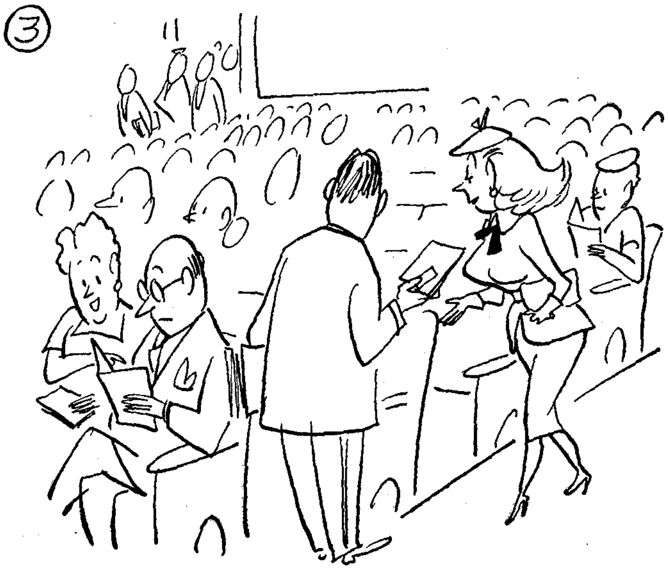

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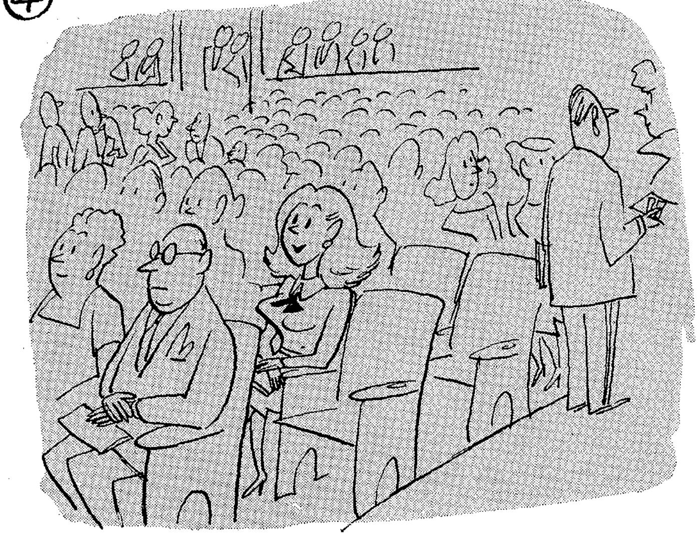

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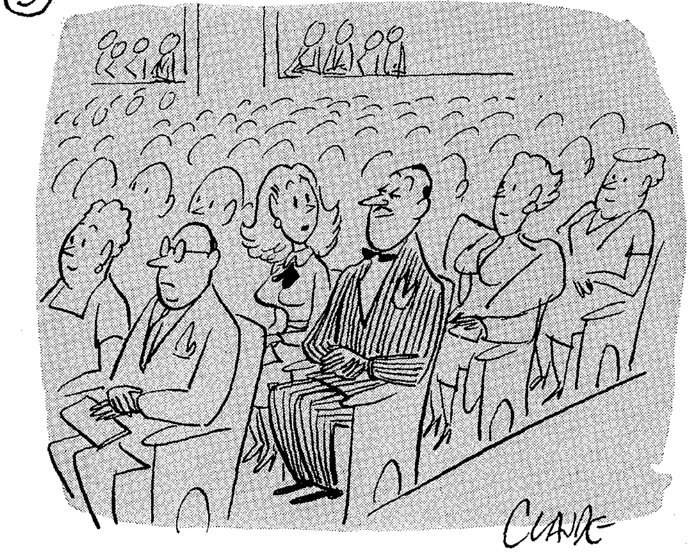

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because the learned man isn't basic and intuitive like me. There's a terrific story in my life, and I'm going to tell you something about it. When I was seven, I tended a baby three years old and did all the chores a lady does in the house. I have hungered and understand personal problems. I been in hospitals and the boxing ring."

Figuring that Mr. Gould's reminiscences were remote from the problems of the brokers, we repaired to the foyer, where we found the Southern lady having a tête-à-tête with the Boston operative. "But what about love?" she murmured.

"You hang around somebody long enough, you'll love him," said the Boston man. "I may not have much business, but what I do is worth the trouble. Ninety per cent is solid as rocks. You could put Romeo and Juliet in Boston and they wouldn't get along better than my clients."

"I can believe that," the Southern lady remarked.

Indomitable

LAD on a motor scooter bearing a City College emblem and proceeding along Amsterdam Avenue was stopped at 135th Street by a red light. He got off, shouldered the scooter, walked across the street with it, remounted, and scooted on.

Marquis of Christenberry

WE were in and out of the Astor a good deal last week. The other morning, not long after sitting in with the Marriage Brokers, we spent an enlightening twenty minutes in the office of Robert K. Christenberry, on the first floor, having a talk with him about his duties as Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, which controls the state's boxing and wrestling, and having a look at the new safety pad that the Commission has required to be installed in all New York State rings by January 7th. Mr. Christenberry, a tall man with graying hair and a thin gray mustache, who is, among other things, president of the Astor, told us that being a boxing commissioner keeps him jumping. "Like the hotel business," he said, "it's a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. In other words, I have to put in a two-day day. You're on call all the time, because you're available all the time. Last night at eleven, a boxer called me up. He wanted a hearing before the Commission. Dissatisfied with his manager and wanted to sever relations with him. 'A real rat' was his characterization. Managers call up to say they've discovered that their boy has a contract with a second manager, who's taking a big cut of the boy's earnings. Elderly ladies who see fights on television give us advice on safety precautions. We're very interested in safety precautions, of course. Our first responsibility is to the boxer; our second is to the public."

The phone rang, and Mr. Christenberry, who was sitting at a desk cluttered with mail and papers, neatly balanced the receiver on his shoulder, cocked his head to one side to secure it, and said, "Hello? Oh, hello, Dan." In an aside to us, he explained, "Dan Dowd, executive secretary of the Commission," and returned to the phone. "O.K., my friend, this is what I would like for you to do," he said into it. "Send letters to the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, to Dr. Herman Hilleboe, of the State Department of Health, and to Dr. Mal Stevens, of the Commission's medical advisory board, asking them to see if they can find a substitute for the resin that boxers rub into their shoes that will not injure their eyes. Too many boxers have their eyes harmed by resin. Right, my friend. Thank you. Good-bye."

Hanging up, Mr. Christenberry said he wasn't sure that what referees do after a knockdown wasn't enough protection against resin—they rub off, on their shirt, the gloves of a fighter who has been knocked down—but it was better not to take chances. "I'm banking on the people at Cornell," he said. "They came up with the new safety pad, which we hope will eliminate brain injuries from a fall to the canvas altogether." He reached into a drawer and brought out an object about the size and shape of a shoe box. It consisted of three layers, each an inch thick. The bottom layer was wood, the second layer was a beaverboard-like substance, and the top layer was in two sections, half felt and half a white plastic substance. "The bottom two layers of the new pad are the same as the old one's," he said. "But the top layer is different. It used to be felt. Now it's this white material—Ensolite No. M22196 or M22266, manufactured by the U.S. Rubber Company, at Mishawaka, Indiana. Press it." We pressed the white substance, which gave a little bit and then slowly began to regain its shape. "The secret is absorption," Mr. Christenberry advised us. "You and I would think it's better to hit our heads on a bouncy substance, like felt. But that's a mistake. The brain is going down fast, and when the cranium hits and starts to rebound, the brain can't keep up with it. Surgeons tell us it's that jar that causes most of the trouble." He took a little steel ball from his pocket and bounced it on both sections of the pad model. It bounced about four inches on the felt side and about half an inch on the Ensolite side. "In the ring, the pad is covered with canvas. The pad has been used, off and on, in Syracuse, which is near Cornell, for about three months. No complaints. The referees even say they feel less tired after an evening on it than they did with the old pad. We used it experimentally at the Polo Grounds a couple of months ago, and there were no squawks. I tried it when it was set up in the Madison Square Garden ring and it felt fine. You can really skip around."

Mr. Christenberry, who has been chairman of the Athletic Commission for three months, informed us he now attends at least four fights a week, sees about one out-of-state fight every two weeks on television, divides his time between the Astor and the Commission offices, at 80 Centre Street, and has applied a few hotel methods to running the Commission. "I'm frank to admit that when Tom Dewey appointed me, I didn't know the first thing about the boxing situation in New York," he said. "But it's a business, and I figured it could be run in some ways like the hotel business. As in the hotel business, you assign responsibility—to commissioners, deputy commissioners, members of the medical advisory board, promoters, referees, managers, and, to some extent, the fighters themselves."

We learned that Mr. Christenberry, who is fifty-two, was born in Milan, Tennessee; attended George Washington University; served as a private in the Marines in the First World War; was vice-consul in Vladivostok and later in Santo Domingo ("now Ciudad Trujillo," he said), a reporter for the Washington *Herald* and the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, a deputy hotel commissioner for the State of Florida, promotion manager of the Winton ("now the Carter," he said) Hotel in Cleveland; worked in hotels in Detroit, Peoria, and Pittsburgh; and came to the Astor, as vice-president and general manager, in 1935. He took over in 1944. Before he became chairman of the Athletic Commission, he used to spend a great deal of time watching professional wrestling on television. "I've had to give it up," he said. "Now the sportswriters call me the Marquis of Christenberry. To tell the truth, I'm highly flattered."

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OVERHEARD in a Fifth Avenue bus, one matron to another: "I think George has gone nuts. He's worried because he *hasn't* received his state tax notice."

On the Allegro Side

UNTIL a recent Saturday afternoon, we had never been to one of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony concerts for five- to nine-year-olds. Now we have, and it was quite an experience. In the lobby of Town Hall, which was full of tots and their relatives, we gave the ticket taker an explanation of our presence without offspring and he directed us toward Maurice Van Praag, the Philharmonic's personnel manager, who was standing nearby. Mr. Van Praag told us that he has been associated with the Philharmonic's children's concerts since they were started by Ernest Schelling in 1924, and that he himself had organized Philharmonic youth concerts on an informal basis some years before that. Many of the children who got to know him at the early concerts, and who now come to the concerts as parents, and even as grandparents, still hail him as Uncle Van. Uncle Van went on to say that until four years ago the Philharmonic ran only one young people's series, aimed at all ages up to fifteen, and usually held in Carnegie Hall. However, since the older children were getting increasingly impatient with the younger ones—and so, possibly, was the Philharmonic—a separate five- to nine-year-old series was inaugurated in Town Hall, using sixty pieces instead of the full orchestra. "Something of an undertaking," Van Praag said. "With an audience like this, it's up to the conductor to keep the tempo a bit on the allegro side. Play ten bars lento and pfft—your audience is gone. Igor Buketoff—he's our conductor of children's concerts—knows that. You watch him. He doesn't lean down to the children, he gets *under*. That's meant in a complimentary way."

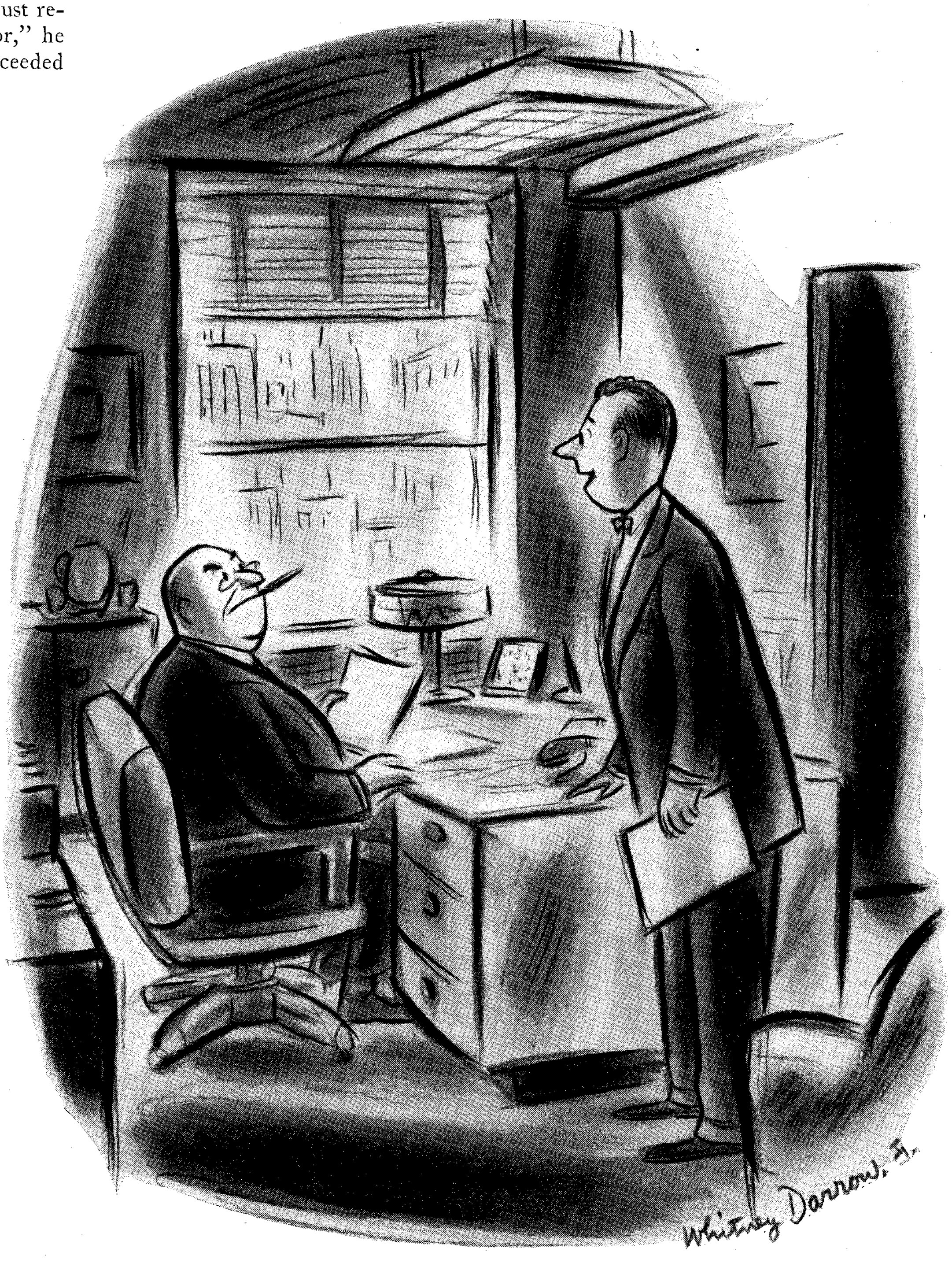
We entered the concert hall, where the orchestra was making the customary tune-up noises, to a counterpoint of tune-up noises from the audience, which filled about two-thirds of the seats. Colored balloons hung from each music stand, and at one side of the stage stood a large signboard, on which were printed, in bold black letters, the words "MUSIC BOX," "ALL OVER," "MINOR," "COMMOTION," and "BRAHMS." "*Bu*-ketoff," said a small boy directly behind us, decisively. "Bu-*ket*-off," replied his sister, with equal firmness, whereupon Mr. Buketoff (pronounced "Bu-*ket*-off"), a youthful, dashing man, ended the controversy by appearing on the podium and conducting the orchestra in an allegro rendition of "Marche Militaire," his tailcoat flapping gallantly. He then turned and asked the audience to name the composer of the selection, getting an immediate right response from many quarters. "And what else did Schubert write?" inquired Mr. Buketoff. "Symphony Number Eight," said a girl in the third row. "Correct," said Mr. Buketoff, and added, "Schubert was poor but happy. Music was his wealth." "I want two dollars," said a shrill, unmusical voice from the rear.

At this point, a balloon exploded among the violins, and Buketoff whirled around. "The orchestra, too, must remember correct concert behavior," he said severely. The concert proceeded with the "Miniature Overture" from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite, and various other tuneful or clangorous numbers, among them Pierné's "March of the Little Lead Soldiers" and Liadoff's "Musical Snuff Box." The cryptic words on the signboard eventually proved to be the names of the variations that make up Slonimsky's "My Toy Balloon," and a red light went on beside a name as the variation it identified was played. Finally, Red Barber, the sports announcer, who was billed on the program as assisting artist, appeared, smiling, and assumed a position beside the podium to read the narration for a musical version of "The Story of Ferdinand." Whenever the music came to a part where narration was indicated, Mr. Buketoff would turn from the orchestra, give Barber a savage, toothy glare, and make a motion as if to transfix him with the baton. We glanced covertly up and down our row once or twice, and not a creature was stirring.

That ended the concert, and the audience left in good order, while we, realizing that Mr. Buketoff had put on quite a show and had still managed to conduct an orchestra, went backstage to have a word with him. "I'm off to Fort Wayne," he told us hoarsely. "Got a concert with my regular orchestra—the Fort Wayne Philharmonic—out there tomorrow. Do I seem to be out of breath? If so, it's because conducting for children is a most exhausting experience. Like walking a tightrope. Do you have any idea?" We said we had only a rough one, and asked if Mr. Buketoff enjoyed that sort of audience. "More than any other sort, and for many reasons," he replied. "Here, at last, you have the perfectly unbiassed and receptive audience—no prejudice against the classical as old hat, or the modern as cacophonous. My biggest shock came last month, when I discovered that teenagers simply love some of the most frightening of sixteenth-century music. There is one rule to remember, however—play nothing that runs over eight minutes. With children under ten, ten minutes spells trouble; twelve minutes, disaster."

Standards

A Mount Vernon lady, bent on catching the five-fifty-four for New York, arrived at the station platform at five-fifty, just in time to see a train pulling out. She rushed to the ticket agent and said, "What do they mean by leaving four minutes early?" "Madam," said the agent, "the New Haven Railroad is never early. That was the five-nineteen."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Er—uh—I wonder if you remember that little financial conversation we had at the Christmas party, Mr. Gilson."

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

NEWSPAPERMAN

WHEN I started to work as a reporter on the Columbus *Dispatch* ("Ohio's Greatest Home Daily"), in the summer of 1920, its city editor, Norman Kuehner, was on vacation, and I didn't get my first look at him until one hot Monday morning about ten days later. He lumbered into the city room, a big guy in his middle twenties, wearing a suit too dark for the season, and the disconsolate frown of a hunter who has seen nothing but warblers all day. He had big feet, and his long legs supported a heavy torso that widened into muscular shoulders. He must have worn a size-16 collar, and his large face was loosely built around its most striking feature—a pair of brown eyes, whose expression, I soon found out, could change as swiftly as island weather. They would take on a bland gaze of pure innocence, like a choirboy's, and then, a moment later, burn with scorn or turn as cold as a top sergeant's. He had the aggressive air of a man who would snap "Buy a watch!" if you asked him what time it was. As he stood at his desk, staring about the room, I noticed that he had unusually restless hands. One day, a few years later, the right one, doubled into a hard fist, probably saved his life when a rewrite man, cracking under the strain of the city editor's baiting—Kuehner was a practiced and tireless baiter—attacked him with a sharp spindle, set in a heavy metal base. Kuehner knocked him cold with a straight right to the jaw, putting all his weight behind it.

When he spotted me, that first day, sitting at a desk in a corner, his eyes darkened, and he sauntered slowly over to me with the gait of a traffic cop approaching an incompetent and unattractive woman driver. He stood behind my chair for several moments, not saying anything. I said, "Good morning," and he still didn't say anything. I had been rewriting some brief items from the *Lantern*, the daily paper got out by students of journalism at Ohio State University, and when he saw what they were, he swept them onto the floor with one swipe of his big hand, growled "This isn't a college paper," and strolled away, with the grace of a wagon. He let me sit at my desk the rest of the day doing nothing.

Norman Kuehner (he pronounced it "Keener"), son and grandson of German cigar makers, never wanted any part of his family's tedious and confining trade. From the time he was able to spell out robbery and murder headlines, he dreamed of being a newspaperman. As a boy in short pants, he carried a *Dispatch* route after school, and he was scarcely out of the eighth grade, and not yet fifteen, when, in 1909, he got a year-round job as office boy on his favorite newspaper. The gawky youth attacked his work breathlessly, fetching and carrying at a dogtrot, and always wearing a serious scowl, even when he was allowed to post the World Series scores, inning by inning, on an outer wall of the building, with a crowd looking on. One of the editors began calling the solemn youngster Gus, because of his supposed resemblance, in figure and temperament, to Happy Hooligan's morose brother, Gloomy Gus. He took this and all other kidding in his stubborn stride, developing a sardonic tone, a jaunty if callow cynicism, and a sarcastic vocabulary of his own. He soon became adept at the quick insult and the cold rejoinder. A tough front, it seemed to him, befitted a newspaperman, whose opening question to any stranger should be a chill "What's your racket?" (or whatever the idiom then was), instead of a friendly "What can I do for you?" A kind of personality carapace began to form because of this studied attitude, concealing a natural warmth and a wide area of sentiment from everybody but his family (he was especially adored by his two sisters) and his few cronies. He disliked being caught by anybody else with his armor down. "If Gus had been a dog," one of his old friends said recently, "he would have bitten off his tail to keep it from wagging."

The office boy came to work before eight o'clock most mornings, so that he could practice on one of the typewriters, making up news items of his own or rewriting actual ones of the day before, brooding and frowning over the keyboard, and pounding out his hard, blunt sentences slowly. They were figuratively stained with blood, for he was fascinated then, and forever after, by stories of crime, fire, accident, and violent death. Nothing in nickel novels or in anything else he ever read excited him half so much as the daily routine of a city detective. He took to hanging around the "cop house" on Saturday nights, picking up pointers from the *Dispatch* man who covered the police station, and now and then riding with the cops in the patrol wagon or a squad car to the scene of trouble, which he hoped would involve shooting. He learned to hit the ground fast, or to take cover behind a tree, when other boys his age were still in high school. Everybody on the *Dispatch* knew about his dream of becoming the paper's police reporter and teased him relentlessly. Then, in true Alger-boy fashion, he made it, before he was twenty years old. The police reporter quit, and Kuehner was told he could take a crack at the job. He kept at it, with lusty success and undiminished ardor, until he was made city editor, a few years later. He got along with the cops, talked their language, and stood up under the heavy banter common to city policemen from San Diego to Bangor. They liked the kid, and found out that he could lead with his left and cross with a fast right, and that he never lagged behind on even the roughest assignment. All policemen like to get their names in the paper, in full and correctly spelled, and Kuehner obliged them: "The arrest was made by Detective Sergeant Jolas K. Menschkey and Patrolman Wilson G. Shellenbarger." He was right behind the cops when they smashed down a door, or chased a man into a dark areaway. The young police reporter was usually out of breath, often sleepless, but never bored. He remembered these years fondly all the rest of his life.

Norman Kuehner came up to the city desk the hard way, bringing a curt philosophy with him. "You get to be a newspaperman by being a newspaperman," he told all reporters who went to work for him, with a special emphasis for college men. "You can't learn how by studying journalism in college under a broken-down ex-editorial writer for the Hohokus *Bugle*." (J. S. Meyers, then head of the Ohio State Department of Journalism, was, as it happened, formerly a managing editor of the Pittsburgh *Post* and editor of the Pittsburgh *Sun*.) Kuehner was by this time the owner of a rare collection of edged inflections, falsettos, and mirthless laughs. He stood up straight to talk to reporters and towered over most of them. They all got, in their turn, the full Kuehner treatment, beginning with a first day of idleness, during which they were ignored as completely as if they weren't there. Then came the practically impossible assignments. If a new man handled one or two of these successfully, or came back with honorable scars showing that he had tried, the city editor softened a little, like an iceberg in April weather. One cub reporter, sent to get a statement from a hospital patient whose room was closely guarded, borrowed an interne's white jacket, got hold of a stethoscope, and managed to

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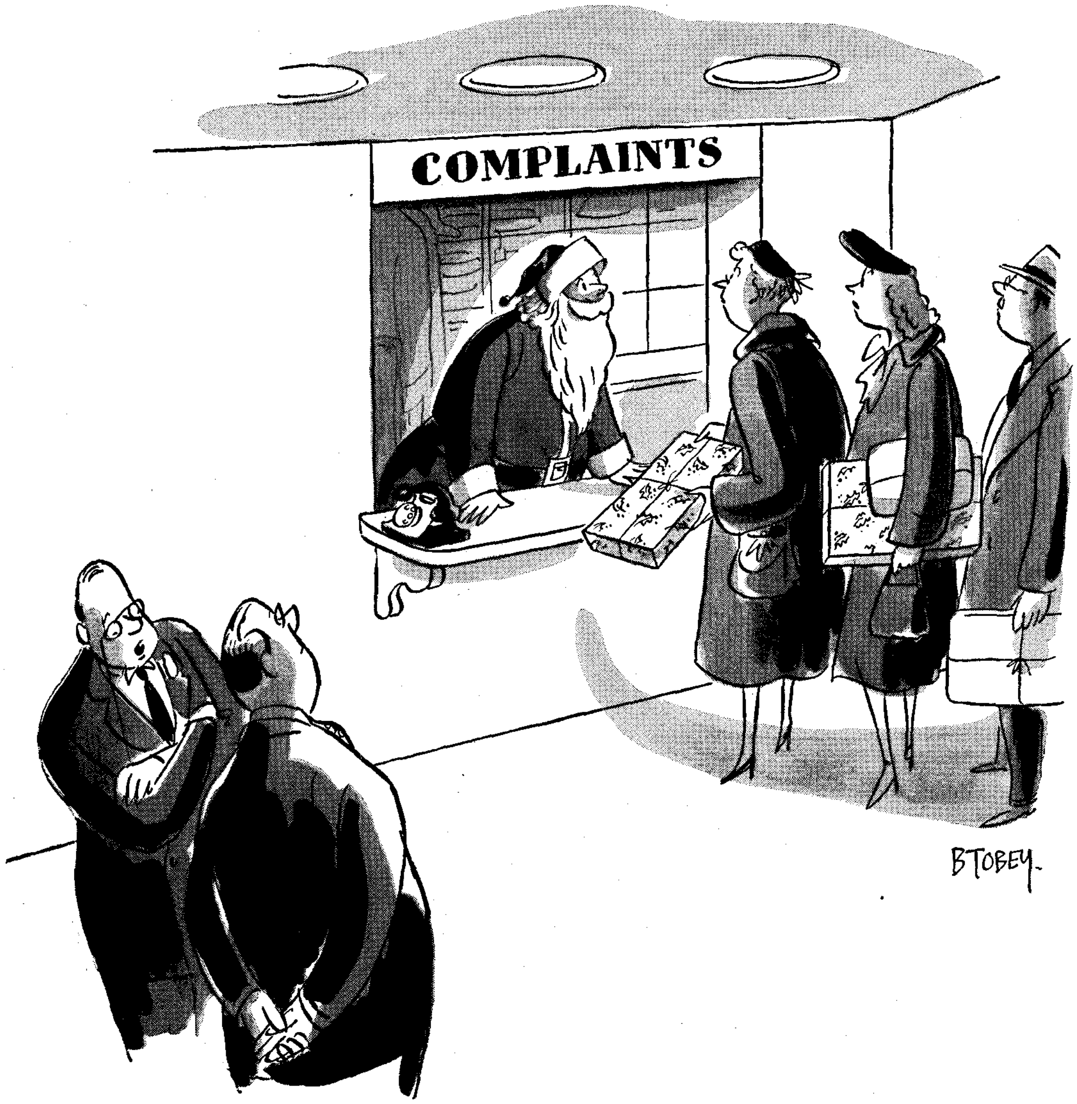
reach the patient's bedside before he was unmasked, and ejected from the hospital by way of the laundry chute. Kuehner thought he had made a good try, and grunted something to that effect. His praise was laconic and slow in coming, but it was genuine. He could forget, finally and grudgingly, the misses you made, but he always remembered your triumphs. If he growled "O.K.," it meant that you were doing pretty well. The final accolade came when he shambled over to your desk, with the look of a man in a dentist's chair, and said in a low voice, "Nice goin'," turning away quickly before you could thank him. He disliked the whole handbook of amenities, and every sign and symbol of intimacy. He rarely called anybody by his first name, and made up nicknames of his own for his staff. One man was Farmer, another Parson, and still another, who had been a lieutenant in the first war, Loot. He had a vast range of nasty intonations when he yelled at them, and a few friendly and affable ones. Some of the college men that he rode hard gave up and walked out, unable to tolerate the Teutonic weight that he constantly gave to "choinalism" and "colletch," and similar words. He could say "Phi Beta Kappa" so that it sounded like a Girl Scout's merit badge. Liking Kuehner wasn't easy, and a lot of people never managed it, but if you did, the feeling stuck—I don't know exactly why.

I made the grade with Norman Kuehner (he was Gus only to old-timers) when I went out one day and brought back a photograph of a boy who had been drowned. Such photographs had great news value to the city editor. He had been maliciously hopeful that I wouldn't be able to get a picture. "This kid's old man threw our police reporter out of the house on his can," he had told me. "Go out and give him the old college try. They must have told you how to get around tough characters by talking pretty." I brought back a group photograph in which the ill-fated youngster appeared. "Yeah," Kuehner said disconsolately, swallowing the ironic gags he had been thinking up for me, "it'll blow up O.K." He stared out a window. "What are you—sticky-fingered?" he asked. I explained that I had not gone to the boy's house but had got the picture from his high-school principal. He gave a short, spastic laugh that started in his belly and died in his throat. It might have meant anything.

For several weeks, I had been finding in my assignment box the dullest or the hardest assignments he could put his mind to. The next day, I started out of the office to follow up the story of a train wreck that had occurred north of town the evening before. Kuehner's assistant had stuck the assignment in my box. As I passed the city editor's desk, he growled, "Where the hell do you think you're going?" I told him. "Forget it," he said, glaring slowly around the room. His dark glance lighted on a college man who had started to work only a few days before. "We'll let the Phi Beta Kappa handle it," he said, and bawled at him, "Hey, Phi Beta Kappa, come here!" The torture of the new cub reporter had begun, and mine had ended. Up to that point, Kuehner had called me Hey or You, but he had found out that I had once written a libretto for a campus musical comedy, and he began calling me Author, and kept it up as long as I knew him.

When he was city editor, and even after he became managing editor, he



"We'll soon know whether it's a good idea or not."

liked to sit up until after midnight seeing the Sunday paper to press and, if he was in an amiable mood, telling yarns to whatever reporter was handling the late watch. If a phone rang, Kuehner would shout, "There she blows!," and scuttle over and answer it, hoping that hell was popping somewhere and that he could rush out and look at a dead body or a burning building. I had thought, during my first few months, that his deep absorption in death was morbid, but I changed my mind about this later on. Kuehner was a man of guts and action, but death did something to him he didn't like, and he was forever seeking the chance to swagger up to it, with a chip on his shoulder, and stare it coldly in the eye. One night, when he was sitting the watch with a young reporter named George Smallsreed, the one he called Parson, he got the news that a man who had been shot through the head was lying in the emergency ward of the Mount Carmel Hospital. He got in his car with Smallsreed and exceeded the speed limit getting to the scene. Smallsreed knew that Kuehner would have liked nothing better than to see a young reporter turn green, or faint, at the sight of gruesome death, but he managed to get through the ordeal. "When Kuehner satisfied his curiosity at length," Smallsreed told me recently, "he looked at me innocently with those big brown eyes and said, 'Let's go out and get a hamburger, Parson.' I went with him, but I didn't eat anything." One reason Kuehner took young reporters along with him on jaunts of this sort was, I suppose, to find out whether they had what he considered the stuff of a newspaperman in them. To Norman Kuehner, no one was a genuine newspaperman if he cringed at the sight of blood or in the presence of human extinction. (Smallsreed turned out to have the stuff of a newspaperman in him, all right. A few months ago, he was made editor of the Columbus *Dispatch.*)

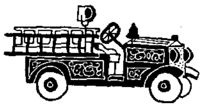
One Saturday night when I was sitting the late watch with Kuehner, I was emboldened for some reason to tell him how I had once run out of front-page copy at three o'clock in the morning when I was getting out the *Lantern,* and was saved by the fortuitous appearance in the night skies of what Professor H. C. Lord, roused out of bed, called the most brilliant aurora borealis seen in Ohio since the Civil War. Kuehner tossed his cigarette to the floor, with one of his slow, deliberate gestures, and ground it out under the heel of his No. 11 shoe. "God never helped me put this paper to bed," he said sulkily, "and nobody is ever going to cover Heaven for the *Dispatch* while I'm city editor." He had got sore, in his abrupt fashion, because I had brought up the touchy subject of college journalism, and also because I seemed to him to be floating around in the supernatural, a region that made him embarrassed and uncomfortable. I never brought up college journalism again, or the question of providential happenings either, but it was an act of God that gave me the chance, a few weeks later, to write a story for a midnight extra, when the old City Hall in Columbus caught fire during a council meeting I was covering.

The managing editor rounded up the crew that got out the extra, for Kuehner had refused to budge from his bed when I telephoned him, around eleven o'clock. "Listen, Author," he snarled, "you're on an afternoon paper. Remember?" And he hung up on me. The next day, he found out that I had saved from the fire, along with somebody's overcoat and somebody else's watch, a large stack of blueprints, not having stopped to realize that they could be easily reproduced, and his abdominal laughter and his kidding went on for weeks. He kept calling me Chief, and demanding to know why I hadn't saved any used carbon paper or rare old thumbtacks. The City Hall fire never completely burned out in his grouchy elephant memory. He wished he had been on hand when the building started to burn, not only because he enjoyed fires but also because he loved to thumb his nose at danger. During the terrible Ohio floods of 1913, he was at the wheel of the last press car to escape from the rising waters on the west side of town, and he drove it across the Town Street Bridge, up to its hubcaps in water, reaching the other side just twenty minutes before the bridge was swept downstream by the flood. When somebody praised his courage, he dismissed it with an impatient wave of his hand. "Twenty minutes is twenty minutes," he said. He was not yet nineteen years old.

About a year after the City Hall fire, the *Ohio State Journal*, the city's morning paper, came out on Sunday with a front-page story about a "ghostly wreath" that had suddenly and mysteriously appeared on a windowpane in the bedroom of a house on Oregon Avenue in which a woman had just died. The *Journal* continued to play up the story, and on the following Sunday published a half page of photographs showing curious crowds staring up at the window, and lines of automobiles passing along the street. The cars came from all over central Ohio, the story said, and as many as five thousand passed the house each day. This was too much for Kuehner. The next morning, he ripped the page out of the paper, sauntered over to my desk, and said, "I seem to remember that you cover Heaven for us. Get up there and crack that miracle and bring me back the pieces." The miracle cracked easily enough, for the wreath turned out to be nothing more than an accumulation of iridescent oil, common in the manufacture of certain kinds of glass. This I learned from a representative of the Columbus branch of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, who drove me up to the house in his car. It was early in the day, and no curious people were standing around and no cars were driving slowly by. The husband of the dead woman, his grief obviously lightened by the fame that had fallen upon his house, led us up to the bedroom, where the glass expert inspected the windowpane. He told us that this particular formation of oil must have been accidental, but added that artisans could make deliberate designs out of the oil and that he had seen vases of roses, and even Scottish terriers, imprisoned in glass. The owner of the house clung obstinately to the theory of divine manifestation, even after the truth had been explained to him, and he was tight-lipped when he led us downstairs to the door, and the index finger of his right hand pointed solemnly in the general direction of Heaven. He was still standing in the door, with his arm raised on high, when we drove away.

Kuehner displayed the cracked pieces of the miracle prominently on the front page that afternoon, and that was the end of the ghostly wreath and of all the wonders connected with it except one—why the oil, which had always been on the glass, had not been discovered before. Kuehner had an answer for that one. "Look, Author," he said, "you got an old miracle around the house for years, and nobody knows about it, and then there's a death, and somebody spots it, and you tell everybody it's brand-new and you never saw it before in your life. Catch on?" I asked him what he would have done if it had transpired that the wreath had actually been sent down from Heaven. He never failed to have a fast comeback for everything. "That would have made it a *Journal* rewrite," he said sourly, "and I would have given it a paragraph on page thirty."

A city editor of the old school, Kuehner had hard and fixed ideas about how a news story should be written. "Write a flowery introduction in the first paragraph," he told one cub reporter. "In the second paragraph, tell who, when, where, what, and how. Then, in as few paragraphs as possible, relate the most important details. Write an equally flourishing conclusion. Spend the next five minutes finding the sharpest pair of shears in the office, and cut off the first and last paragraphs. You'll have a helluva good news story." He had a noisy antipathy to "literary" writing, or anything that smacked of style, even in feature stories, and his criticism when he encountered such a monstrosity sounded like the roll of thunder. "*This* story is in *bloom!*" he howled at the author of a flamboyant article, and on another occasion he bawled at a reporter, "You did this damn story with *feeling*," giving the word all the force of an obscenity. He liked short paragraphs, hated long sentences, and never used a semicolon in his life.



Kuehner was addicted to the ancient journalese vocabulary—"declared" or "stated" or "asserted" for "said," "assigned" for "given" (as in "no reason could be assigned for the deed"), and all the rest, including such headline verbs as "nab," "bam," "flay," and "flout." Because of his iron insistence on the old platitudes of the trade, several of us were astonished one Saturday night when he attacked a verb form also disapproved of by schools of journalism but almost invariably used in Middle Western newspapers of that day. The late Arthur Johnson, then editor-in-chief of the *Dispatch*, was having a last look at the proofs of the Sunday paper and came across a man who had "suffered a broken arm" in an

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GENERAL GALLIENI

Who now remembers General Gallieni,
Whose Paris taxicabs, one-lunged and leaky,
Charged to the Marne, just as the Kaiser's *veni*
And *vidi* were about to turn to *vici*?

Like herds of superannuated cattle,
The lame, asthmatic vehicles stampeded—
Backfiring, honking cavalry to battle
With reinforcements just when they were needed.

Paris was saved; the politicians boldly
Returned from flight, but being none too partial
To Gallieni's methods, thanked him coldly—
And he was five years dead when named a marshal.

The vague, nearsighted warrior gets a column
In the Britannica, as one well fitted
To be a marshal, but the tone is solemn;
His crowning feat is scornfully omitted.

Joffre is remembered worthily, and Foch;
The fame of Pétain hisses in its embers;
But Gallieni, who nonplussed the Boche
With his embattled taxis, none remembers

Except where Roland in the Pyrenees,
Blowing his evening-echoed note forlorn,
Smiles, reassured, to hear upon the breeze
The answering honk of Gallieni's horn.

—Robert Hillyer

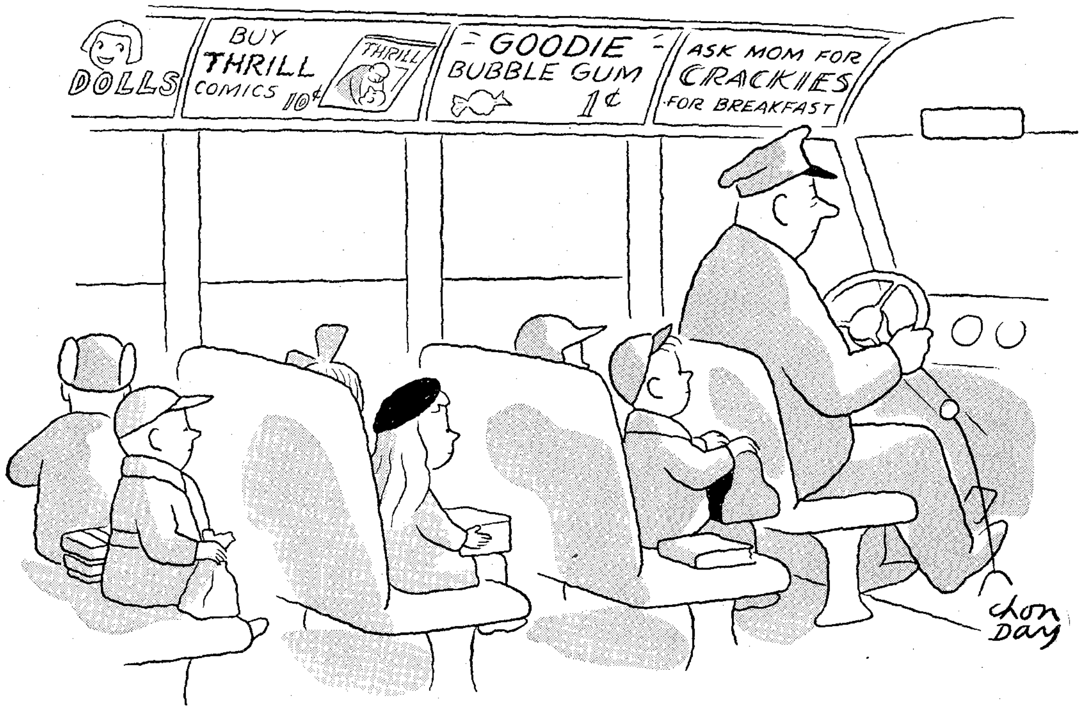
auto accident. "You don't suffer a broken arm," Mr. Johnson said. "You sustain a broken arm." Kuehner gave him a disdainful look worthy of a professor of English, and raised his right arm above his head. "If you ever break your arm in an auto accident, Johnson," he said, "and you can do this with it, you are sustaining a broken arm." I have no idea where Kuehner found out that small grammatical truth, for he was never known to look up anything in a dictionary.

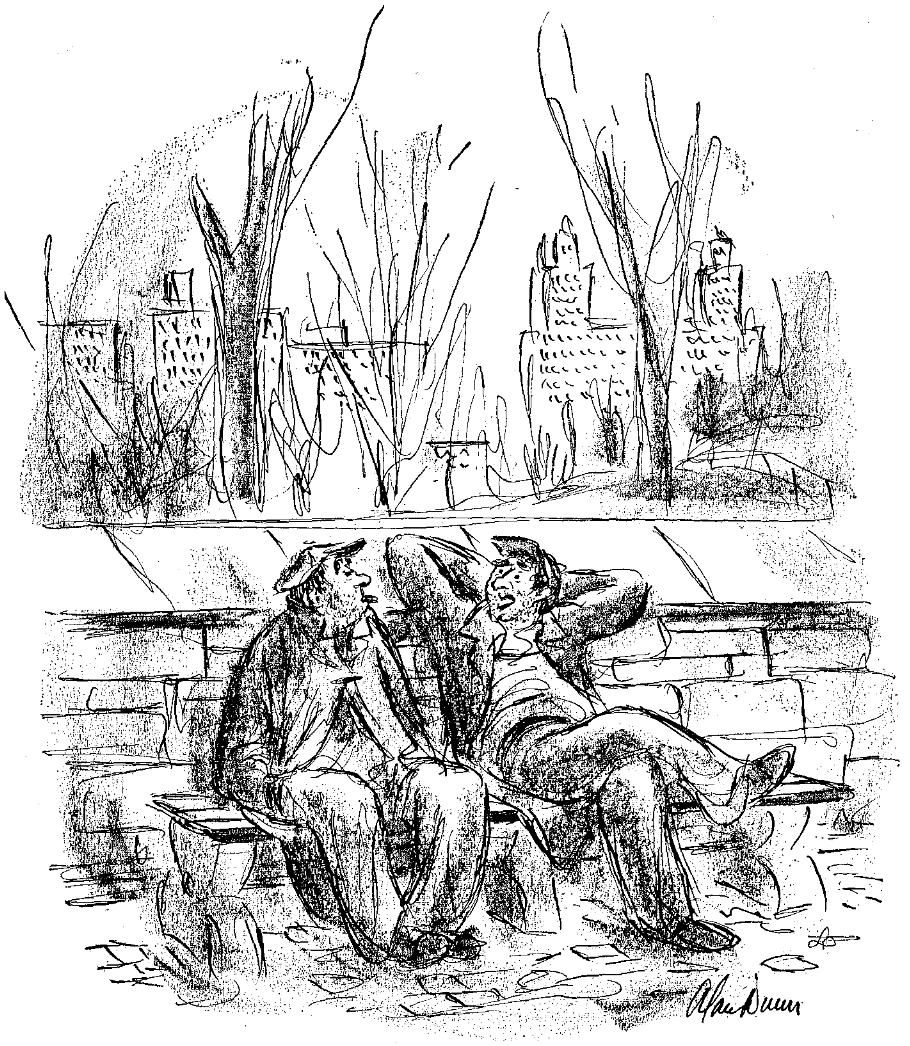
The use of what Kuehner regarded as unusual or fancy words exasperated him mightily. When a reporter wrote that certain conditions "obtained," Kuehner snapped at him, "What did these conditions obtain? It doesn't say here." In Kuehner's lexicon, conditions "prevailed" or "existed." On another occasion, a fancy reporter from Otterbein, or Wittenberg, or somewhere, used the word "vouchsafe" in a story, and Kuehner never let him forget it. If the man went out to interview someone who turned out to be a "no comment" man, Kuehner would snarl at him, "What's the matter, wouldn't the guy vouchsafe anything?" The old-fashioned vocabulary of the press and the parlance of the police were enough for Kuehner, and he had no interest in enlarging his own knowledge of words. If he ever read a book after he became city editor, he never mentioned it to me, and he liked to brag that he had not seen a play since he was a little boy. His life outside of working hours was circumscribed by the streets that led from his office to his home.

I was in Norman Kuehner's house only once, during Christmas week, nearly thirty years ago, but I have a lasting memory of the city editor at home. He seemed oddly relaxed, as if the *Dispatch* were a tight collar he had taken off at his front door. His forehead was cleared of its office scowl, and there was a new and amiable note in his voice. Time ticked slowly and pleasantly in Kuehner's living room, and, for the first time in his presence, I did not feel a sense of deadline tension and urgency. For his two young sons, to whom he was intensely devoted, he had decorated the Christmas tree, and he had helped his wife arrange under it a fine old German crèche, some of whose pieces had belonged to early generations of Kuehners. When he looked at it, he wore an unfamiliar smile, as comfortable as a bedroom slipper. This was Norman Kuehner, husband and father, good family man, and considerate host. Every morning after he had breakfast, he put the tight collar back on, gathered up his office scowls and snarls, and underwent the transformation that turned Norman Kuehner, head of the family, into Gus Kuehner, city editor. One morning when he arrived at work, he bumped into a reporter who was leaning over a table, telephoning, with his rear end projecting into an aisle. "Get you a bed!" snarled Kuehner. "Get you a bridge!" snarled the reporter. Kuehner was back in his element again, his other element.

The ex-police reporter had no fondness for women on newspapers (he sometimes called them "slob sisters"), and he wished to God they would stay home and let him alone. As far as he was concerned, one good homicide was worth ten thousand society pages, including Sunday's, and a brisk running gun battle more important than a warehouseful of "woman's angle" feature stuff. He coldly ignored the fuss that was made when a Columbus girl named Mary Katherine Campbell was elected Miss America at the second Atlantic City Beauty Pageant (she won it again the following year), but he was out in the streets yelling with everybody else in town when the conquering Hank Gowdy returned from the famous 1914 World Series, and he always had space for the exploits of Eddie Rickenbacker after he came home to Columbus from the First World War. He didn't care about games—football, baseball, or any of the others—but he was one of the first to recognize the extraordinary local news value of a youngster named Chic Harley when that All-American halfback began to burn up the Western Conference in 1916. Such prominent females as Helen Wills, Gertrude Ederle, Amelia Earhart, and Babe Didrikson left him cold. In his opinion, there hadn't been an athletic gal worth looking at since Annette Kellerman.

He worked at sharpening and tempering small insults that drew tears from one or two of the less hardened women in the office. With four or five pointed words, he could take apart feminine looks, hats, perfumes, or talent. One day, after reading a woman reporter's story in which the salient facts appeared near the end, he stalked over to a male reporter's desk, carrying the typescript, and snarled loudly, "Turn this lady story upside down." The lady in question was not there at the time, but she heard about the incident and wept. "I love Norman," she sniffled, "but he is absolutely unbearable." On another occasion, he was prowling about the city room in an aggressive mood when he spied a girl reporter, a blue-eyed one named Dorothy, sitting with her legs crossed and one slipper dangling from her toes. He grabbed it off and tossed it out a window. She went down to the street, one shoe off and one shoe on, and found that the slipper had fallen through the open iron cover of a sidewalk elevator shaft and dropped into a second sub-basement. When she got it and told Kuehner where it had gone, he said, "Good shot," without looking up at her. Dorothy didn't cry. The *Dispatch* women, however, didn't bother him half as





"I'll never forget that November alert. I walked right into the Sherry-Netherland."

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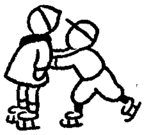
much as certain Columbus ladies who kept fluttering into the office on dull or hysterical missions and demanding to see the city editor. One of them, a periodic visitor, claimed that she could predict earthquakes by means of griping pains in her intestines. Kuehner used to hide from her in the men's room, gloomily smoking cigarettes until she had gone. Another lady, head of a citizens' committee to bring down the price of milk, kept bothering him until he turned on her once and snapped, "Don't talk to me, lady, talk to the producers." She ran a gay arpeggio of giggles. "You *are* funny, Mr. Kuehner!" she cried. "Just imagine me talking to those cows!" This may have been the first and only time in the life of Norman Kuehner that he was left, for more than three seconds, utterly speechless.

Norman Kuehner got the biggest exclusive news story of his career one day in 1929. He had the title of assistant managing editor then, but he was still a police reporter at heart. Five days earlier, the body of an Ohio State coed named Theora Hix had been found on a rifle range five miles north of the city, and Kuehner had followed every line of the murder story in all three Columbus papers. A lot of evidence pointed at James H. Snook, professor of veterinary medicine at the university. The county prosecutor had been unable to break the suspect down, but every time Kuehner's phone rang, he was sure he was going to hear the news that Snook had confessed. He hoped to hell the story would break for the afternoon papers. It was a little past noon, on Kuehner's fateful day, when the *Dispatch* man at the police station phoned him and said, "Shelly just told me he's going to eat lunch at the usual place today. Made quite a point of it." Shelly was Wilson G. Shellenbarger, an old friend of Kuehner's, who had been a patrolman when young Gus covered the cop house, and was now chief of detectives. The "usual place" was a restaurant at Spring and High Streets where Kuehner sometimes had lunch with Shellenbarger. He was excited, but he kept his voice low and casual as he said into the phone, "O.K., I'll wander over there," and hung up. He stuck some folded copy paper in his pocket and hurried to the restaurant.

When Shellenbarger showed up, he told Kuehner that Snook had confessed a few hours earlier but that the story was going to be held for the morning papers. The reason for this was that William C. Howells, Columbus representative of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, had been allowed to visit Snook in his cell that morning, together with another newspaperman. Snook had repeated his confession to them, and Howells had agreed to take the stand at the trial, and corroborate the state's evidence, if the prosecutor would hold the story for the morning papers. Shellenbarger wanted to give his old friend a break, and he did. He poured out all the facts in the case, including the details of the long and gaudy affair between the college girl and the professor, that led up to the murder. Half an hour later, Kuehner hurried back to his office with a dozen pages of notes and began to hammer out his story. He was about half finished when the county prosecutor's office phoned to announce that a conference of newspapermen would be held there at three o'clock that afternoon. Smallsreed was sent to represent the *Dispatch*, and told to stick close to the prosecutor until four o'clock. When he got back, at five minutes after four, with an official carbon of Snook's confession, he was handed a copy of the *Dispatch's* late-afternoon edition, which had just hit the street. Kuehner's long and vivid story, interspersed with photographs, covered the whole front page.

Kuehner's big story was unsigned and there was no mention of Shellenbarger's part in it. It wasn't until two years later that Smallsreed found out who wrote the story and where it came from. Kuehner didn't get any glory at the time, but he had the deep satisfaction of knowing that he had scooped the world on one of the biggest murder stories of the century. The ex-police reporter of the Columbus *Dispatch* had had his greatest hour.

I had left the *Dispatch* six years before the murder of Theora Hix, and my going disgruntled Kuehner, because he felt sure I would end up in New York, and he hated New York. He had a standard lecture that he delivered to all reporters when they started to work for him. It was brief and clear. "If you've got any idea of going to New York to become another Oscar Hammerstein," he would growl, "quit now. This is no place for you." He might have used more aptly, for his purpose, the name of Dana or Greeley or Bennett, but he had a high respect for them, in spite of their unfortunate New York background. To him the name "Oscar Hammerstein" was derogatory, like Phi Beta Kappa, and he gave it, in a mincing tone, his best disparaging accent. He would turn his sarcasm on New York City at the slightest provocation. Once, when the telegraph editor showed him a full column of stuff sent out by the Associated Press in New York on the death of James Huneker, Kuehner glared at the copy and shouted across the room at the drama editor, "Who the hell is James Huneker?" The man replied, "He's a famous figure in the world of art," and Kuehner bawled, "What the hell world is *that*?" The death of Huneker got three lines in the paper that afternoon.



I saw Norman Kuehner only once—in 1927—after I left the *Dispatch*, but I was to hear his voice again the next year, when he called me up in New York. Late one afternoon, the telephone in my office rang, and when I picked up the receiver and said "Hello," a big voice, heroically but unsuccessfully trying to disguise itself, growled, "Why the hell don't you come back home where you belong?" Kuehner had been assistant managing editor of the *Dispatch* for only a few months, and he had reluctantly come to New York to attend a convention of newspapermen. The meetings were over, and he was waiting restlessly in the Pennsylvania Station to take a train back to Columbus. I don't think he had ever been in New York before, and he was anxious to get the hell out. One of the last things he said, before he hung up abruptly, was "Where do you get your ladyfingers now, Author?" This was a deathless Kuehner gag, going back to the day, seven years before, when he had found out that I often dropped in, after work, at a photographic studio near the *Dispatch* where newspapermen gathered and afternoon tea was served. The male tea drinker, Kuehner stoutly believed, could easily be capable of such other feminine vices as running up a pair of dimity curtains in secret, or playing with embroidery cloths. I explained that New York was far more effete than Columbus, and that I had gone in for *babas au rhum*. He made a critical sound with his lips and put up the receiver.

Exactly ten years later, I got a letter from him, the only one he ever sent me. A lot had happened to Norman Kuehner, I found out, between the day he telephoned me and the day I got his letter. In 1936, the managing editor of the Columbus *Dispatch* gave up his job suddenly, for reasons that have never been clear to me. He had got into a melancholy state, lost weight alarmingly, and found it hard to keep his mind on his work. There was a persistent rumor outside the *Dispatch* that the paper had decided its editors should all be college men. It is easy to see how the great disparager of college men on newspapers might have cracked under such a cruel, ironic blow. He got a job in the press department of the Landon headquarters in Chicago during the Roosevelt-Landon Presidential campaign, and once telephoned Smallsreed from Chicago to growl, "You still working on a newspaper? This is the life, and there's dough in it." His voice sounded strained and unconvincing. There was only one life for Norman Kuehner, and that was on a newspaper, and all his friends knew it. After Landon's defeat, Kuehner drifted back to Columbus and worked for two years in the Unemployment Compensation Commission, in a building that was near the *Dispatch* and a million miles away. His letter to me, in 1938, contained the names of half a dozen Oscars, or former Columbus newspapermen who had come to New York to work, and he wrote, in his old peremptory manner, "Contact them and tell them I got to have a job. I'll do anything from turning a lathe to trimming ladies' hats." He never came to New York again, the New York he despised, because he got a job with the Curtiss-Wright Corporation in Columbus, and he kept it until he died. He worked the "suicide shift," from midnight until eight in the morning, and kept at it doggedly for three years. In the summer of 1943, he wrote one of his sisters that he had high hopes of going back on the *Dispatch*. This warmly affectionate letter to "Dearest Irma" was the last he ever wrote. The suicide shift had worn him out, and he had only four months to live.

On Christmas Day, 1943, I arrived in Columbus, and after I had checked in at the Deshler, I bought a copy of the *Dispatch* at the newsstand and found, in flipping through it in my room, the story of the sudden death, from a heart attack, of Norman Kuehner, at the age of forty-nine. He had been living alone, in an apartment, for his wife had died the year before, one of his sons was a sergeant in the Army and the other a corporal. Kuehner's body might not have been found for days if he hadn't collapsed while he was filling his bathtub with water. The tub overflowed, and attracted the attention of the people living on the floor below. This was the only item in the story of the death of Norman Kuehner, aircraft worker, that would have interested Gus Kuehner, newspaper editor.

I went to his funeral, and found there only a handful of the hundred men and women who had worked for him or with him. The service didn't take long, and nothing was said about Gus Kuehner, police reporter, city editor, and managing editor. I was driven back to my hotel by a sportswriter named Bill McKinnon, one of Kuehner's oldest and closest friends. McKinnon had sat beside him, thirty years before, in the Apperson Jack Rabbit that tore across the Town Street Bridge up to its hubcaps in water. "I saw him two weeks ago," McKinnon told me, "and he said, 'I sure would like to get that paper out just once more.' " I don't know exactly what happened to Norman Kuehner, as I have said, and I am sure he wouldn't want me to pry into it. I can hear him saying, in one of his exasperating tones of voice, "Lay off it, Author. This story's cold."

I have discovered, in talking to some of Kuehner's old friends and associates, that the anxiety dreams of several of us still center in the city room of the old Columbus *Dispatch* building. In one of my own recurring dreams, I am pounding away at a story I can't handle, because my notes are illegible and the type bars make no marks at all on the gray copy paper. The hands of the clock on the east wall of the city room, facing the reporters' desks, are frozen at a quarter after one, fifteen minutes past deadline, and there is a large, amorphous figure just over my right shoulder, standing there gloomily, saying nothing—the ghost of Norman Kuehner. Some of us, the ones who liked him, will never get him out of our dark subconscious, or, for that matter, out of our bright and fond memory. —JAMES THURBER

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," by Stephen Crane*]

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlour-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered; "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great. And then, after a while, we'll go forward to the diner, and get a big layout. Finest meal in the world. Charge, a dollar."

WESTCHESTER IGLOO

DINNER had been sketchy, because Mrs. Talbot had experimented, and by no means successfully, with an eggplant dish as a meat substitute. Mr. Talbot, very much aggrieved, had denounced the creation and had added sharply that if he was to go on having light lunches in New York, as he had been doing lately at Dr. Brodie's suggestion, it didn't seem to be asking too much to expect a few ounces of meat at the end of a hard day. He said that after driving to White Plains, taking a train to Grand Central, packing himself into the I.R.T. and going all the way down to Pine Street, working like the devil for eight or nine hours, and then coming all the way back again, he considered himself entitled to a halfway decent dinner.

After the eggplant fiasco, they had consumed a few spoonfuls of a dreary pudding that a newspaper column had vivaciously advised Mrs. Talbot to "throw together, quick like a fox, and steam in your pressure cooker for one of those meals when it's later than you thought and you're all in a tizzy." Mr. Talbot's comments on the pudding had been much less playfully worded.

Now the Talbots were carrying their coffee cups into the living room. Mrs. Talbot was especially sorry that Mr. Talbot was in such a vile mood, because she had a small surprise for him and he sometimes reacted unfavorably to small surprises even after prime ribs of beef and apple pie à la mode.

She had propped the surprise against Mr. Talbot's humidor, so he discovered it almost at once. "This must be something of yours," he said, picking up a book entitled "Inuk" and handing it to her. "Damn silly name to give a book, if you ask me. Where's my 'Murder in Black and White'?"

"Why, I took it back to the Browse-Awhile this afternoon and exchanged it for you," she said. "I thought you'd finished that one."

"Well, I hadn't!" he snapped. "Please go to the shop first thing tomorrow and see if it's still there. And if it is, take it out again. Didn't you get me *anything* to read tonight?"

"Of course I did," she said placatingly, and handed "Inuk" back to him.

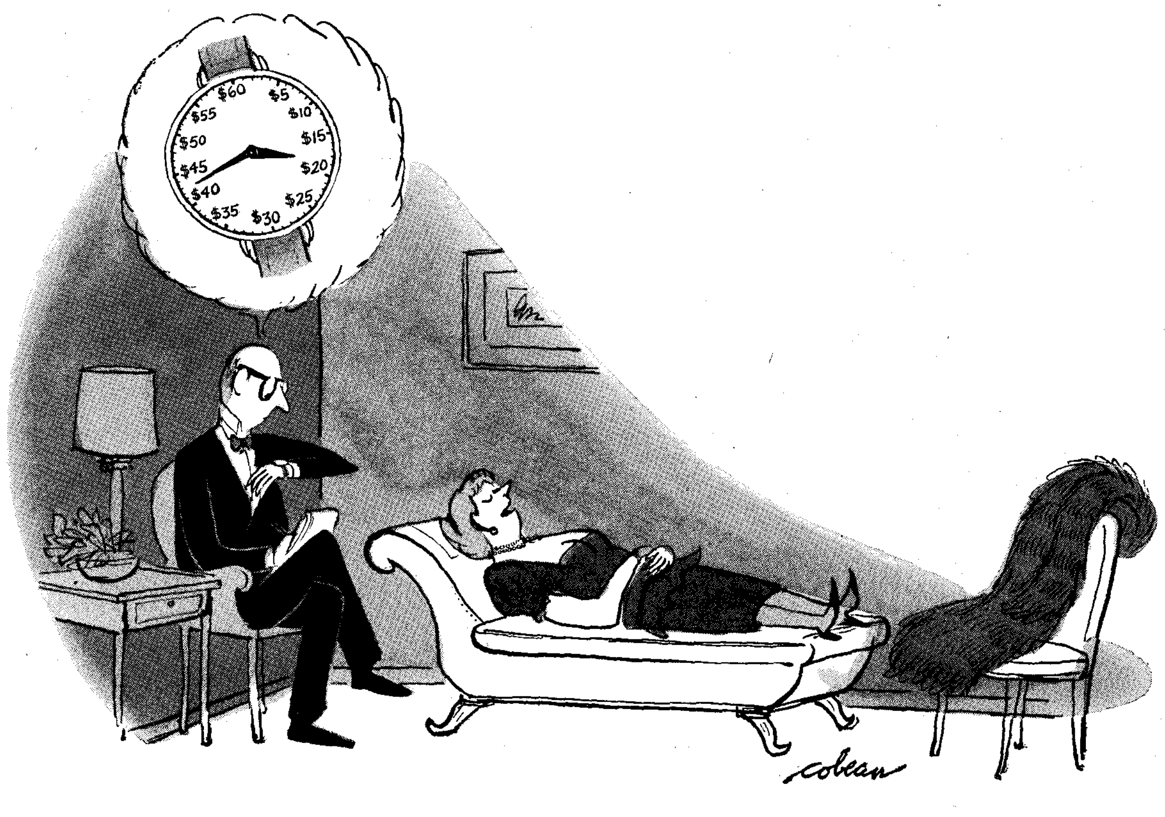
Glowering, he inspected the jacket blurb and learned that "Inuk" was an anthropological work, a French priest's study of the primitive civilization of the Eskimos who inhabit the forlorn wastelands in the shadow of the North Pole. "Eskimos, for God's sake!" Mr. Talbot snorted. "What gave you the idea I'd feel like spending an evening reading about Eskimos? Why didn't you get me a detective story?"

Mrs. Talbot, regretting the eggplant more than ever, said soothingly that she had honestly thought he might enjoy something different, just for a change. "Something worth while," she explained in self-defense. "It was the new reviewer we have this winter for the monthly meetings of our book department at the club who gave me the idea, really. She's perfectly wonderful, Charlie. About ten times better than the one we had last year, we all think. The one we had last year just summarized plots, but Adelaide Darlington Foss tells lots of anecdotes about well-known people, like about John Marquand wearing somebody else's overcoat all the way home by mistake after a party. Things like that. And every time she lectures, she has a special feature at the end that's her own idea. She calls her last five minutes 'Something for the Husbands,' and she always recommends three good books that men will like. What gave me the idea about 'Inuk' was the way she praised it to the skies the other day in her last five minutes."

Mrs. Talbot waited hopefully, but soon realized that she had not improved the situation. So great had been her treachery that Mr. Talbot said nothing at all but lighted a cigar and smoked it in silence and with an air of injured majesty.

They drank their coffee, and it occurred to Mrs. Talbot that two cups clicking against two saucers made quite an astonishing lot of noise if people weren't chatting at the same time. There would be no point, she knew, in bothering to offer Mr. Talbot the Frances Parkinson Keyes novel she had selected that afternoon for her own enjoyment. The principal character was a woman in her late forties whose emotional life teemed with incident. It being beyond question that Mr. Talbot would react even more violently to such fare than he had reacted to the eggplant dish, Mrs. Talbot opened her book, and soon was altogether engrossed. Looking up at the end of the first chapter, she noted with heartfelt relief that Mr. Talbot was reading "Inuk" and that if he wasn't doing so in a spirit of domestic coöperativeness, at least he wasn't uttering the grunts and snorts of disapproval that might have been expected in the circumstances.

HALF an hour later, when Mrs. Keyes' heroine was saying no very charmingly to a handsome diplo-



BOY AT THE WINDOW

Seeing the snowman standing all alone
In dusk and cold is more than he can bear.
The small boy weeps to hear the wind prepare
A night of gnashings and enormous moan.
His tearful sight can hardly reach to where
The pale-faced figure with bitumen eyes
Returns him such a godforsaken stare
As outcast Adam gave to Paradise.

The man of snow is, nonetheless, content,
Having no wish to go inside and die.
Still, he is moved to see the youngster cry.
Though frozen water is his element,
He melts enough to drop from one soft eye
A trickle of the purest rain, a tear
For the child at the bright pane surrounded by
Such warmth, such light, such love, and so much fear.

—RICHARD WILBUR

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mat, Mrs. Talbot was recalled to reality by her husband's voice remarking, "This book you got for me turns out to be darned interesting, you know it? I never had a very clear idea before of what life is like up there in the arctic. This fellow tells you. He's a pretty good writer, too."

"Is he, dear?" said Mrs. Talbot, thankful that all was turning out well. "Isn't that nice! I'll start it myself tomorrow while you're in New York." She had a hazy but pleasant mental picture of Mr. Talbot and herself reading the same books in the future. Really good books, and not detective stories. "Oh, didn't you like 'Thus-and-Such'?" she would be able to say to people. "My husband and I did. We enjoyed it immensely." And perhaps even "No, I haven't read the new Boswell yet, but just as soon as my husband finishes it, I'm going to start right in." She decided to proceed cautiously at first, however, and to prop no more than one good book a month against his humidor.

"Listen to this," Mr. Talbot said. " 'The Eskimos are a race of men. Their opinion of women is not high. Only a few women are permitted to live, and these few carry no weight whatever in Eskimo society.' This writer says that an Eskimo woman is essentially an igloo-keeper, and nothing more. There's a lot in here about what this man calls 'the prescribed Eskimo life pattern.' It seems they all live exactly the same way. For example, 'He, the man, will build the igloo; she, the woman, will tend it. He will kill the seal; she will cut out the blubber and keep the lamp filled with oil. He will kill the caribou; she will tan the skin and fashion their clothes. To him the rifle, the knife, the dogs, the whip, and the right to give orders. To her the lamp, the cooking, the sewing. . . . For an Eskimo woman to think of assuming even the most trifling male prerogative would be unthinkable.' "

Mrs. Talbot sighed. "I guess they *are* awfully primitive, probably," she said.

"Well, it seems to work out pretty well," Mr. Talbot said casually, and again became lost in literature. Presently, Mrs. Talbot was able to get back into the swing of Mrs. Keyes' narrative, and for a while she and her husband enjoyed their disparate pleasures in silence.

"Nobody can say the Eskimos go in for sentiment," Mr. Talbot remarked suddenly.

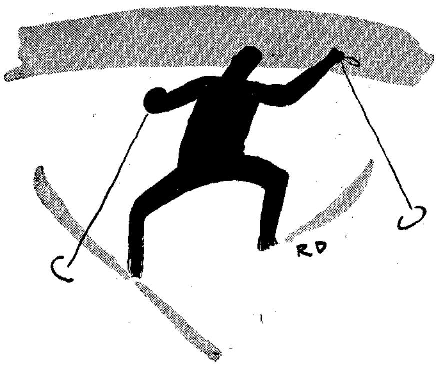
"Don't they, dear?" Mrs. Talbot asked, with vague forebodings.

"Life's kind of rugged for the girls up there," he said with an anthropologist's detachment. " 'The birth of a girl to an Eskimo family is a keenly felt deception, a cruel joke nature has played on them. . . . Here, among the Eskimos, it is almost an insult, and all too often the tiny girl baby is scarcely born, has hardly taken her first breath and uttered her first plaintive, helpless cry, before she is exterminated.' "

"Well, really!" Mrs. Talbot gasped. "I never heard of anything so dreadful in my whole life!"

"Oh, they let *some* of the girls live, of course," said Mr. Talbot, still the calm scholar. "Apparently, it all depends on the community's requirements. Sometimes more girls are needed, and sometimes they aren't. Or, as this man says, it may hinge on something else. He says, 'Perhaps the family happened to have struck it rich just before her birth and be living in abundance. Perhaps the father just feels good that day.' For one reason or another, it may be decided to let her live, and so she starts to grow up. 'At seven, and eight,' he says, 'she is already a servant, helping with the chores, and she understands the kind of life that is in store for her. It is a grim future.' "

Mrs. Talbot closed the Keyes book and placed it on the table beside her chair. "I don't feel like sitting up and reading till all hours, do you?" she asked. "In fact, I feel sleepy right now. Do *you* feel sleepy?"



"Not a bit," Mr. Talbot said pleasantly. "You go ahead and go to bed if you want to."

Mrs. Talbot hesitated. "Well, maybe not just yet," she said. "Would you like me to fix you a drink or something?"

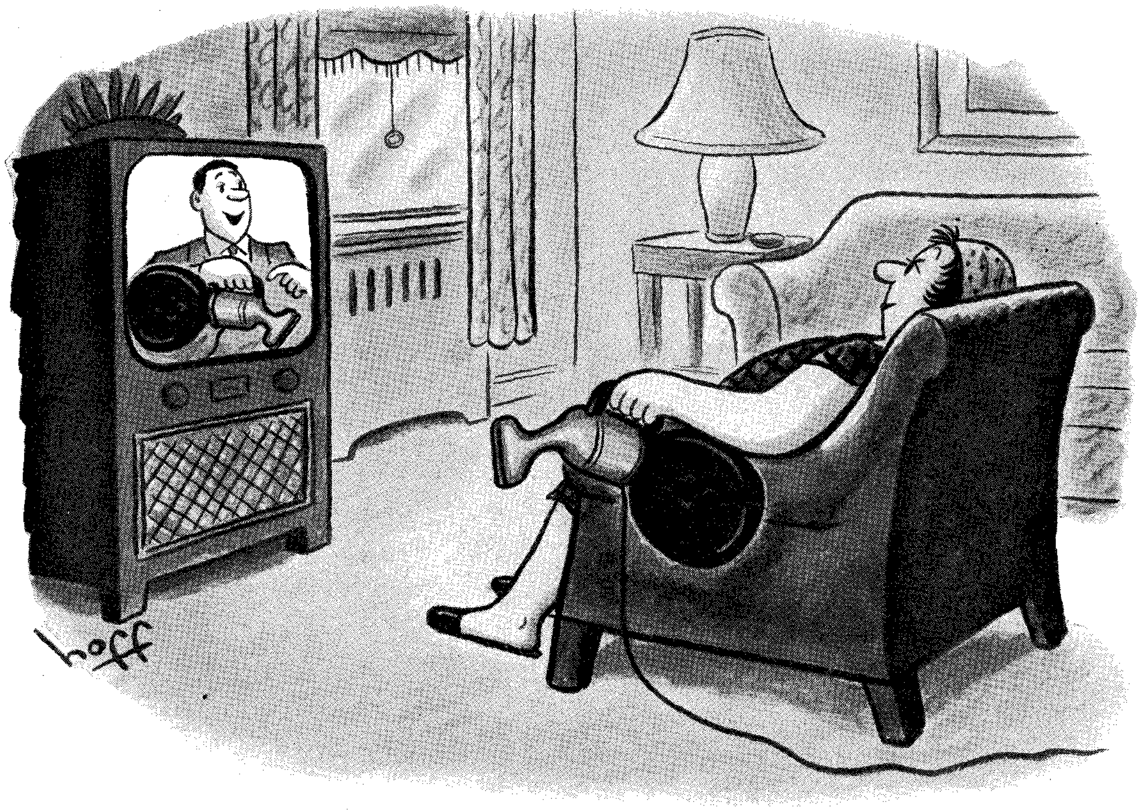
"No, thanks," he said. "I'll just read. Later on, I may make myself a sandwich. I'm still kind of hungry."

Mrs. Talbot nervously began to wonder what there might be in the refrigerator that would help him to forget that disastrous dinner. He was fond of bacon-and-tomato sandwiches, and fortunately she had the ingredients on hand.

"Listen to this," Mr. Talbot said again. " 'Soon . . . the little girl is put to work, mending the old clothes, scraping the fresh skins, feeding the dogs, and helping to harness them. She is called out, at any hour of the night, to quiet the fighting, snarling dogs. Her real servitude has started, and it will end only with the grave.' "

"How about a nice bacon-and-tomato sandwich, or maybe a club sandwich if I can find a can of chicken?" Mrs. Talbot suggested brightly. "*I'd* like one." She now was firmly resolved never again to trust the recommendations of Adelaide Darlington Foss, who certainly had some very strange ideas as to what constituted worth-while reading for men.

"O.K.," Mr. Talbot said. "Sounds fine. A dill pickle would taste good, too. This man says that Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, cites a typical community situation. Rasmussen speaks of a settlement on King William Island where



"Ladies, do you have enough leisure to do all the things you really want to do?"

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from eighteen marriages a total of ninety-six children was produced. Thirty-eight of the infants, being girls, were killed at birth. This book says the average Eskimo woman apparently accepts this practice as she accepts her whole life—a monotonous sojourn of work and subjugation. Say, could we have some coffee along with those sandwiches?"

"Why, of course we could!" Mrs. Talbot cried, adding sycophantically, "What a good idea!" In a playful manner she whisked "Inuk" out of his hands and said, "Come out to the kitchen with me, and we'll fix our snack together."

Mr. Talbot retrieved the book at once. "No," he said with considerable determination. "You fix it. I'd rather read." He searched for his place and, finding it, went back to the Eskimos.

"Well, I must say it isn't much fun for me when you just keep sitting there like an old stick," she said in an aggrieved tone. "You used to *like* to help fix late snacks."

"This fellow tells about a night he spent in an igloo with an Eskimo named Ayallik and his wife, Ongirlak, and their family," Mr. Talbot said, resuming his report to her of high life in a cold climate. " 'I slipped into my fur bag,' this writer says. 'The kids squeezed themselves under the skins, and the wrinkled granny, grumbling and complaining like any old lady, squatted on her heels and stripped off all her clothes. She got into bed, muttering to herself and grunting, tossing about for a while before she fell asleep. Ayallik, meanwhile, had stripped to the nude. With a cheerful "Alapa!" . . . "Cold!" he vanished under his covers. Ongirlak was the last to bed. She plugged the door hole with a snow block and fixed her lamps for the night, beating out all of the flame except for a tiny glow in the corner, a night light. Then she distributed small empty tins, improvised chamber pots, placing one at each of our heads. At last Ongirlak was finished with her long day's work. She peeled off her fur clothes, displaying her huge breasts for an instant, and then disappeared under the skins. Like most Eskimos, she was asleep the moment she was in bed. They seldom are troubled with insomnia. For one thing, they are too tired, and for another their lives are too simple to build up worry.' He certainly gives you a good idea of how those people handle their day-to-day problems. You've got to hand it to him."

Mrs. Talbot sniffed but said nothing. She felt extremely sorry for herself, although she couldn't have said exactly why. When Mr. Talbot repeated, "Yes, sir, you've got to hand it to him, all right," she tossed her head.

"Say, what about those sandwiches, honey?" Mr. Talbot said.

Mrs. Talbot's first impulse was to reply that she couldn't possibly have gone out to fix the sandwiches for the simple reason that he had been detaining her by reading aloud, but instead of putting this thought into words, she said, quite meekly, "I was just going out to make them." When Mr. Talbot went on to say "You know something else about Eskimos?," she quailed privately. But, concealing her distress, she merely said, "No, what?"

"Eskimo men often exchange wives for a night, and without consulting the wives, either," Mr. Talbot said, chuckling. "What do you know about that? Kind of as if I were to phone Ed McGarvey and say, 'Send Ida over. I'm sending you Grace.' "

"May I ask why it should just so happen that Ida McGarvey's name suddenly popped into your mind—?" Mrs. Talbot began.

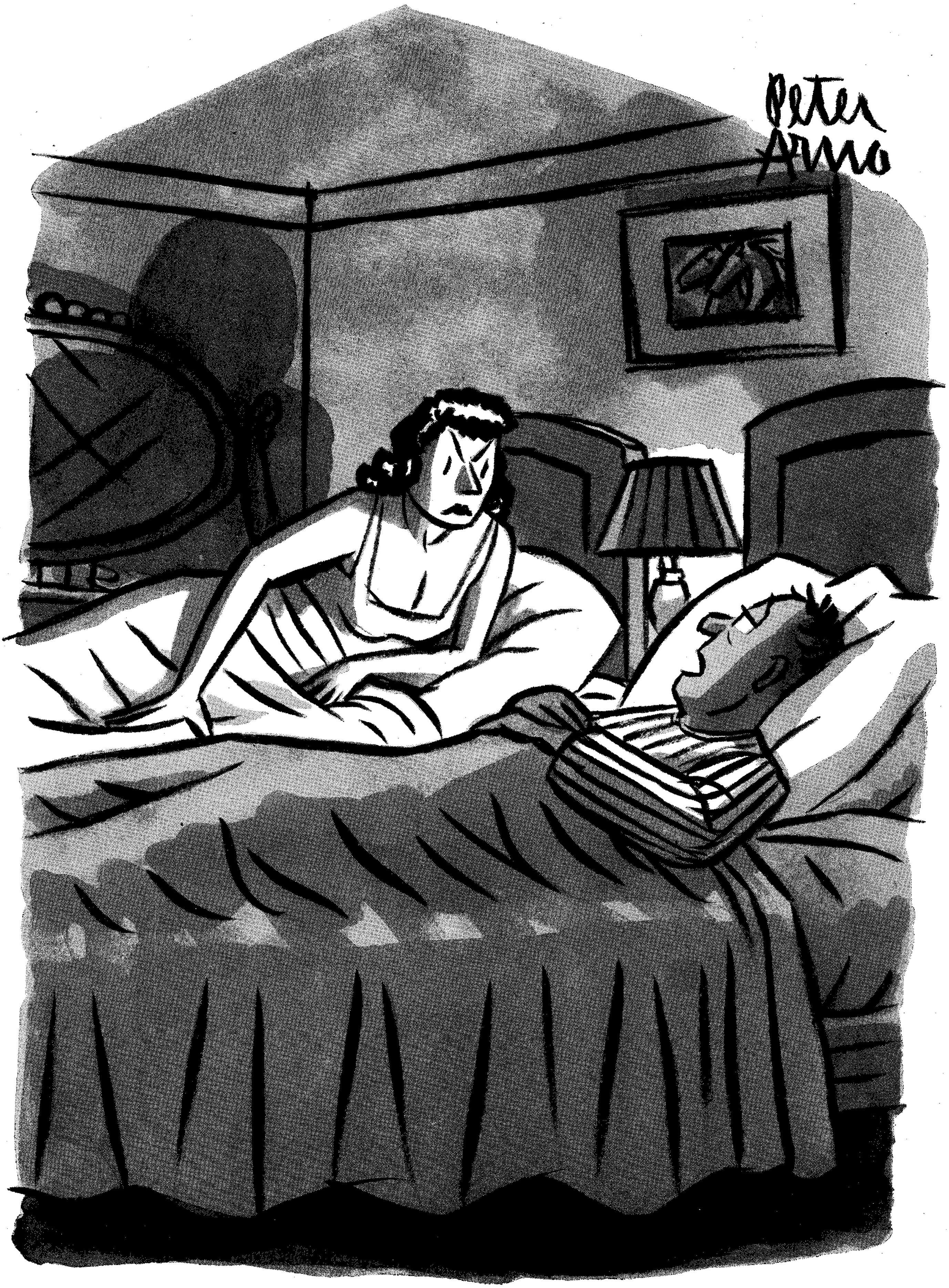
"Cut it out," Mr. Talbot commanded fondly. But he was still chuckling to himself. "Go fix the sandwiches."

Mrs. Talbot went out to the kitchen and methodically assembled bread, lettuce, mayonnaise, and other items. She arranged several strips of bacon in a skillet and began to slice tomatoes. Allowing herself an extreme flight of fancy, she visualized Ida McGarvey peeling off her fur clothes, displaying her huge breasts for an instant, and then disappearing under the skins—with Mr. Talbot. Employing a corner of her apron, Mrs. Talbot wiped away a tear or two.

Suddenly the blubber in the skillet began to sizzle, and Mrs. Talbot regarded it with horror for a moment, until she realized that it wasn't blubber at all but bacon and that she was under no compulsion whatever to use the fat that was oozing out of it as a filling for lamps.

"That *damn* woman!" Mrs. Talbot muttered to herself vindictively. She wasn't thinking of Mrs. McGarvey—a fundamentally harmless creature—but of Adelaide Darlington Foss.

—James Reid Parker



"It's quite late, dear, and I'm tired. Would you mind starting your summation?"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOT SEEN, NOT HEARD, BUT FELT

LIKE nearly everyone else, I suppose, I have long been darkly fascinated by the whole subject of opium and opium dens, and have long wanted to find out something about them. A short while ago, I got my wish, with the help of a Chinese friend—and occasional smoker—Mr. J. L. Fu, who took me to a divan, as an opium retreat is called in the part of the world that China dominates, and explained the proceedings there. Mr. Fu is a graduate of an English university and a master of the English language. He is a slight, retiring man of about fifty, gentle in manner, and so soft-spoken that one could almost say he murmurs. He murmurs with intensity, though, when he says something he thinks is important, like "It was damn poor form of Henry James to construct those sentences" or that the Western use of tenses is an affectation. (He is as firm as a rock on the latter point, maybe because the Chinese have got along without tenses for two thousand years.) His own writing in English is simple and rhythmical, but one could not say that he is Westernized; he has the Chinese way of using an aesthetic approach, rather than a purely logical one, to any question under discussion. He sets store by the feel of an idea, or the sound of the words it is expressed in. Once an athlete of note, he is now a recluse and something of an eccentric. He seldom goes out more than once or twice a month; he spends his time in a high-ceilinged octagonal room in his old house, where an untamed sea of reading matter flows about on tables, bed, and floor. He has no timepiece that runs, and if, while visiting him, you want to know the hour, he bids a servant look through opera glasses at a tower clock a mile away. This style of life seems to go well with opium-smoking, which is a thoughtful, unhurried activity.

Opium is a touchy subject these days (though it hasn't always been), and I cannot identify the divan we visited beyond saying that it is in a city of Chinese population governed by one of the European nations. We were taken there by a runner named Ah Ling, whom we met, by Mr. Fu's arrangement, on a street corner one chilly fall evening; Mr. Fu had sent me a discreet note saying he would introduce me to a man who "sells Dunhill." Ah Ling was a Chinese of undecipherable age, with a glib, darting manner of speech and a quite ingratiating cast of face. He was dressed in a black quilted cotton winter suit, Chinese cloth shoes, and a new-looking pearl-gray fedora, cocked back on his head. He had a short talk with Mr. Fu in Cantonese and then started down the street, with us trailing him at a distance. Ah Ling moved fast but inconspicuously. He seemed to be on wheels instead of feet, and he could disappear in a crowd of two people; when he looked over his shoulder to check on us, he seemed to be not looking at all but dealing with a crick in his neck. He was the innocent passerby, every inch of him. We left the main street and wandered awhile through dark, crooked alleys, until, in one of them, Ah Ling dropped back and told us to wait in a wall angle. He floated up the alley and into a doorway; soon he reappeared and beckoned us on. He led us up a steep flight of stairs, pressed in by wooden walls, to a door with a wicket in it. The door opened, we slid through, and it was closed quickly by a Chinese porter.

The room we had entered was wide and plain, with deep benches or platforms—six feet deep, I should say—around the walls. These benches were divided into stalls by token partitions, a few inches high, and in each stall two or more coolie-class Chinese lay smoking and relaxing. It seemed to be a full house. At the far end of the room was a flimsy partition, not quite ceiling height, in which was a door, and through this door we were led by a squat man who had come up to welcome us. On the other side of the partition were two facing alcoves, each containing a square bench large enough for a party of four or five. It was dark there; the only light, except that thrown by a small lamp in one of the alcoves, came from the big room, either over the partition or through some slits in it, which seemed to have been cut for the purpose. Mr. Fu and Ah Ling had been talking away in Cantonese to the squat man, and now he told us to take the left-hand alcove, the other being occupied. This was a matter of removing our shoes, getting on the bench, and disposing ourselves around its edges. I lay along the inside edge, with Ah Ling at my feet and Mr. Fu at my head, alongside the partition. With a slight curling up, we fitted comfortably. Mr. Fu and I had our heads together, propped on what, for lack of another word, must be called pillows. They were green porcelain blocks, about six inches high and cube-shaped, except that their tops were slanted to take the head. They were a great convenience, and in line with Southern Chinese taste, which has almost no objection to the pressure of hard surfaces on the body. The bench was hard, too, of course—wood covered only by a dark-brown matting of bamboo slats, deeply polished. While we were settling in cozily, a low conversation in the facing alcove went on unbroken.

Right away, a servant, rather poorly dressed, brought a tray of paraphernalia and set it in the middle of the bench. There was a small, glass-chimneyed oil lamp; a pipe consisting of a straight, thick wooden stem, about eighteen inches long and an inch in diameter, to which a bowl, roughly the shape and size of a doorknob but with a small, conical depression in its center, was fixed, near the end; two six-inch steel spindles or needles; two tiny cylindrical containers, perhaps half an inch high, made of horn; a little pair of scissors for trimming the lamp; and a white china teapot, no bigger than an apple, which contained oil. Cups of tea were also brought. Mr. Fu pressed me to smoke, but I declined, and in the end he said he would have a pipe himself. "Ah Ling will make it for me," he said. "I will be what is called a one-armed smoker. No, not really. A one-armed smoker doesn't know how to make pipes at all. I know how—I'm just lazy. Often in the old days, the rich one-armed smokers would send for sing-song girls to make pipes for them. They wouldn't want them to do anything else—just sit there, make pipes, and look beautiful."

Ah Ling touched a match to the

lamp, and the flame, straight and orange-colored, rose to the top of the chimney and cast a warm glow on us. He opened one of the little horn containers and held it out for me to look at. Inside was a brown gummy substance that looked like some kind of mud or tobacco juice—a real brown, not a grayish brown or a reddish brown. It didn't quite flow when I tipped the cylinder. Ah Ling dipped the sharp point of a spindle into the gum and took it out with a drop stuck on it. He held this over the flame, and it swelled and bubbled and sizzled. Then he rolled it against the lamp chimney, twirling the spindle quickly between thumb and forefinger. He dipped it into the horn container again, got more opium, and continued his rolling. The opium behaved like rubber cement. He rolled it against the pipe bowl for a while, added more opium, and kept on rolling it until he had a pill the size of a BB shot.

S
Richard Decker

I asked Mr. Fu what the ritual accomplished. "It solidifies the opium, though not in the sense of making it brittle," he said. "I think 'cook' is the best word. It transforms the opium into a solid, much as you transform an egg when you cook it." He took the spindle from Ah Ling and let me feel the pill. It was hot and quite firm; I could barely press it out of shape by squeezing hard. It made a dull clink when I tapped it on the lamp chimney. Ah Ling took the pill back, worked it some more, and then thrust it, still on the spindle, into the conical depression in the center of the pipe bowl. After holding it there a moment, he drew the spindle out. The pill was left stuck in the depression, with the hole through its middle, where the spindle had been, in line with a pinhole in the bottom of the bowl. He handed the pipe, with the bowl upside down, to Mr. Fu, who put his lips to the mouthpiece—not around it but against it. Ah Ling had kept hold of the other end of the stem, and now he maneuvered the pipe so that the pill was over the flame. Mr. Fu inhaled deeply, in a long breath. The pill again sizzled and seethed, its noise turning to a hiss, and even to a small roar, as Mr. Fu drew on the pipe. Dense white smoke issued from the corners of his mouth, and the smell that had permeated the divan all along grew intense in our corner: a sweet smell, suggesting incense yet distinct from it; heavy, and with a tendency, I suspected, to be sickening in great volume. The smoking of the pipe took barely a minute.

"That is supposed to be Calcutta opium," Mr. Fu said when he had finished and put down the pipe. "The best opium has always come from Patna and Benares, in India, but you can't get that now unless you're lucky. The best you can get is so-called Calcutta, cut about five times. It is smuggled in by ship or plane. Persian opium never seems to get this far east, but I have heard it is extremely strong. The West China opium, from Yunnan and Sikang Provinces, is not very good, but any opium, except that from a few wretched small districts, will give you some pleasure if it is pure. I was in Sikang during the war, and about one man in ten was a smoker there. You hear a good deal about opium from Dairen, in Manchuria, but the only good Dairen stuff these days is the brand called One-Three-Nine, and you never get it here any more. Dairen in general has really become the worst, and the cheapest. For some time now, I have heard, the Russians have been taking the morphine out of Dairen opium and selling what is left, which is like selling whiskey without the alcohol."

Mr. Fu spoke so quietly he almost whispered; it was like an after-lights party in a boarding-school dormitory. "All opium dealers nowadays are crooks, of course," he went on. "It's no good going to the police if you're cheated, because it's all illegal. If you go out in the evening with money to buy opium and are swindled, the only thing to do is to get a like amount of money and start again." I asked him if the Chinese Communists were selling West China opium to the outside world, as some people believe. "I don't think so," he said. "I think that's all false, though I don't know. The Communists are very righteous about opium, and that is why the price is going up—it's already five times what it used to be." In the city we were in, I knew, a day's supply of opium for a moderate man cost about a dollar and a half in American money. "It was different with the Japanese," Mr. Fu continued. "The Japanese pushed opium hard. They are queer people. They mixed it and mixed it and mixed it, adulterating it all the while, and then they put in a chemical to strengthen it, to make up for the adulteration. It had a very strange taste, but people smoked it. The Japanese also pushed the

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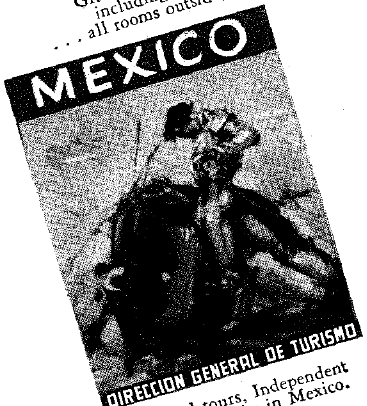

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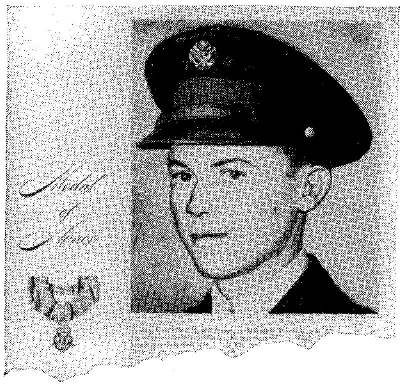
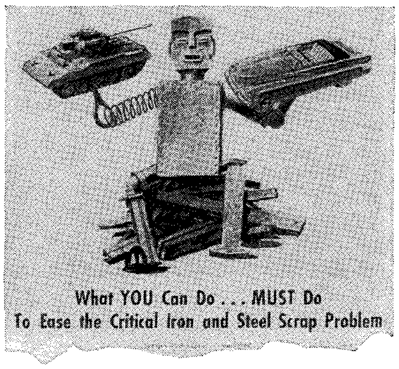
But this voluntary service did not end with the war. By popular demand, it began to help such peacetime causes as Savings Bonds, Highway Safety, Community Chests, Red Cross, Economic Education, Crusade for Freedom, Better Schools, Civil Defense and Blood Donation.

Over a billion and a half dollars in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

This publication salutes the Advertising Council on its Tenth Anniversary as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did* it!



Reminded by ads like this, contributed by the magazines of America at no cost to Uncle Sam or the taxpayer, you now own over $35 billion in Defense Bonds.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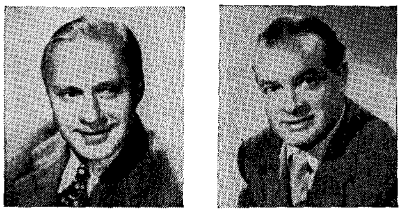
It is composed largely of advertisers, agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free all the creative talent needed for the preparation of campaign materials.

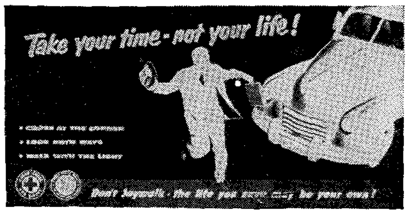
As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests for help from government agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives from the fields of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

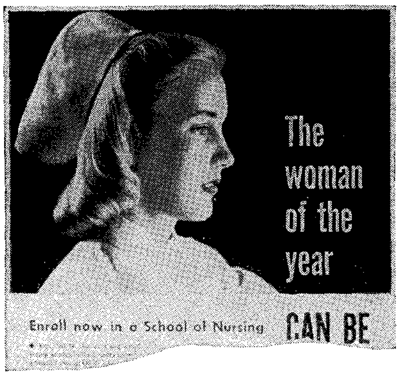
All these good Americans have accomplished much by working together. But so much *more* still remains to be done! This publication is confident that the Advertising Council will continue to do its part by giving you the facts about national problems as they arise, so that in the future as in the past, they will be met in the traditional voluntary American way.



The messages you see and hear over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as Better Schools, Blood Donors, CARE, Fight Inflation and Racial and Religious Prejudice, are scheduled by the Council. Stars, advertisers, agencies, networks and local stations all cooperate.


Take your time - not your life!

The posters along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.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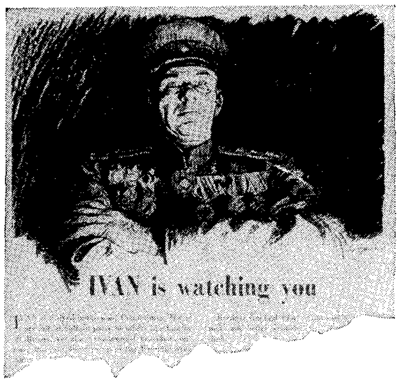

We must increase American productivity if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

The Council also serves American Cancer Society, American Heritage, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.

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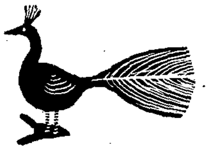
red pills—heroin. That is dreadful stuff, very habit-forming."

Ah Ling had been preparing another pipe, and Mr. Fu smoked it. When he was done, he spoke to Ah Ling in Cantonese and the latter went away; Mr. Fu said he was getting some crude opium to show me. The opium, when Ah Ling returned with it, looked like a large gingersnap. It was the same brown as the gum Mr. Fu had been smoking, and had somewhat the texture of licorice. Mr. Fu told me crude opium is generally sold in this cooky form, or in a ball the size of an orange. Even at this stage, he said, it had come a long way from the poppy fields of India or China. Opium poppies have pods, and slits are cut in them at harvest time. The gum that oozes out is either scraped off or let run into little trays. It is collected and repeatedly cooked, kneaded, and partially refined of dross, until it becomes manageable, when it is made into the shape he was showing me, or into the orange-size ball. In the old days of good opium in volume, it was often made into big balls, or "heads"—Mr. Fu described in the air a shape the size of a honeydew. He said these balls developed a skin—supposedly from contact with the atmosphere—and were then almost impossible to tamper with. They were too big for ordinary retail sale, but occasionally they were bought by syndicates; four men, say, would buy a head and quarter it in each other's presence. Sometimes the heads were packed in boxes, ten to a box, and a box, of course, represented a good deal of wealth. Among the very rich, it was once fashionable to gamble with boxes of opium. Mr. Fu said he knew one Chinese man who still has five heads of Patna opium, but that the unit has practically dropped out of the market. What you get now, he said, is miscellaneous bits, in the cooky or the orange size, and you don't know what's in them.



Whatever is in the cooky, there is still a lot of work to be done on it before it can be smoked. The crude opium is put into a receptacle—a brass bowl the size of half a soccer ball is considered the best—and heated, diluted with water, and ground with a pestle until it is the consistency of molasses in winter. Then it is spread in a film on the inside of the bowl, which is turned upside down and exposed to a naked flame, to burn off the impurities. The film, solid now, is taken out, and the process is repeated again and again, until a stage is reached that the Chinese, always lovers of figurative speech, call the "thousand layers." The opium is then broken into fragments, and to it is added half its own volume of ash gouged from the inside of opium pipes. I was shown some of this; it is blackish, sootlike, and crumbly, a little like the cake from a tobacco pipe. It gives a "roughness," or "resistance," to the final gum, Mr. Fu said, and makes it easier to handle. Water is added bit by bit and the mixture heated, and the result is filtered through cloth and coarse, pulpy paper. Tradition, rather than science, is thought appropriate at this point—as, indeed, it is at all the others in the preparation of opium. Attempts to be scientific and introduce things like chemists' filter paper are ill-advised, according to Mr. Fu. "Any intelligence results in no smoke," he said. After this casual filtering, a brownish liquid remains. This is boiled down over a hot fire. Water is added and it is boiled down again, and the process can be repeated several times. What remains then is opium fit for smoking—provided the crude was any good to start with. Good opium, Mr. Fu told me, keeps indefinitely after it is brought to this stage, even though it dries up in time; when old, and taken by mouth, he said, it is rated a fine cure for some stomach ailments. Poor opium is likely to get moldy with age.

The smoking had hardly been interrupted by these explanations. Mr. Fu had had a third pipe, and now Ah Ling made a fourth, which he handed across the bench, ceremoniously as usual. Mr. Fu pressed it back on him, asking him to smoke; Ah Ling pushed it away, as if he were unworthy of the honor, and there were protestations in fast Cantonese; finally, Ah Ling took the pipe, as we all really had known he would in the end. He smoked with a decided rhythm—not the rhythm of "shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits" but something like it. It seemed a bit flashy for that subdued place, I thought, but Mr. Fu didn't seem to mind. Off and on, I had been listening to the smokers in the alcove across the way, and—after a fashion, through the slits in the partition—to the smokers in the big room. Some of them inhaled in one long draft and some in several shorter ones, but everyone inhaled deeply and fervidly, and always the inhaling made a steady hiss or roar.

Ah Ling fixed another pipe and was again persuaded to smoke. When he had finished, Mr. Fu showed me the pipe. The neck of the bowl was set into

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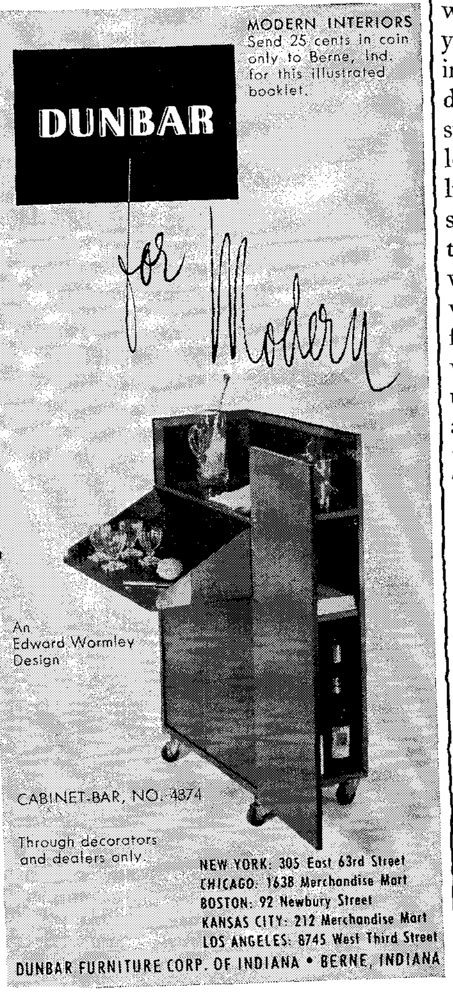
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a hole about the size of a nickel in the stem, and Mr. Fu separated the two pieces with a straight pull—no twisting or unscrewing. The bowl not only looked like a doorknob, it felt like a doorknob. It was hollow and very thin, really just a doorknob's shell. In color and texture it was like terra cotta, except for its top surface, which was mostly covered with a patina of opium brown. "Good bowls—this isn't one of them—can be resolved into two categories of texture," Mr. Fu said. "There is the hard kind, whose main characteristic is thinness. It is thin as can be. You can break it with no more than a tap. It is a sounding board, a thing of tremble and trill. The other texture is soft, thick, durable, and muted. Its virtue is that you can throw it out a window, pick it up, and smoke it again—if you can call that a virtue. It will last a lifetime. You can leave it to your grandsons, if you want them to be smokers. There is quite a lot of lore about bowls. There was a mother who brought up her sons on money she earned by making them. Her name was Hsiang Niang, or Fragrant Lady. A man would get accustomed to one of her bowls, and then he would touch nothing else. They were looked on as works of art, and were sold as works of art. They *were* works of art." I asked Mr. Fu what had made them so. "It is as though you asked me to explain a great painting," he said thoughtfully. "It can't be done. The shape of the bowls was very simple, and sometimes they had gold leaf on them and sometimes a green like that of bamboo leaves. Chinese scholars would often get so attached to them that they would say 'I can't sleep without Fragrant Lady.' Of course, this was looked on as an insult by her sons, a few of whom grew up to be rich. They went around to all the clubs and bought up the bowls and broke them, so they are very rare now. Even before the war, they cost hundreds of dollars. Then, there were bowls with tones. The noise we make with this pipe can hardly be called music. But it *was* music with the old pipes and the old prewar opium. There were five tones, just as *do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, and *so* are tones. The bowls were called *fu*, which means happiness; *lu*, high position; *shou*, longevity; *k'ang*, health; and *ning*, tranquillity. It was an achievement to have five mature bowls in five different tones, because it takes years to mature one. I once knew a Mr. Luk who had a matched set of five. As for the stem, it doesn't reach its best until it has been smoked enough to fill it with thick, solidified gum. And then it is quite magical; one smoke with

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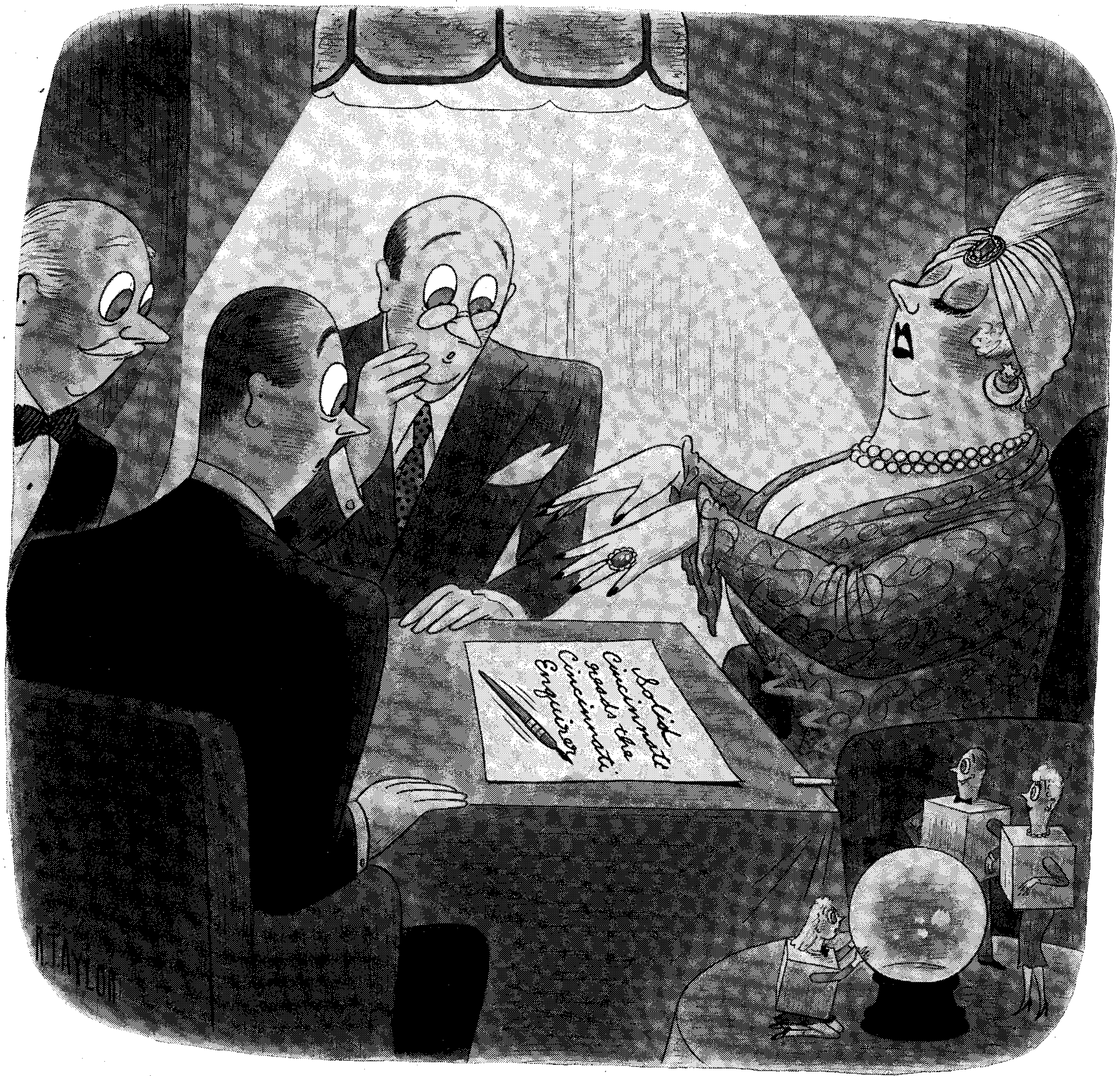
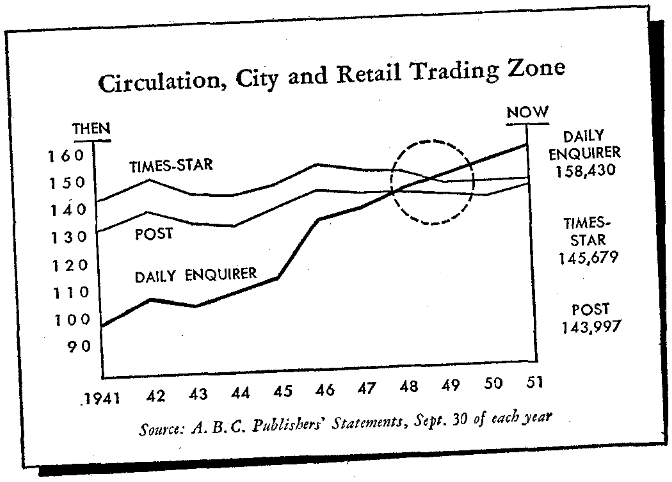

So-lid Cincinnati reads the Cincinnati Enquirer
R. TAYLOR

"Is there an advertising man here? I seem to have a message for a big space buyer..."



Circulation, City and Retail Trading Zone

Source: A. B. C. Publishers' Statements, Sept. 30 of each year

Another medium well done: More and more...Cincinnati is a *morning-newspaper* town! Today, the Daily Enquirer has more circulation *within* the retail trading zone than the *total* circulation of any other Cincinnati daily.

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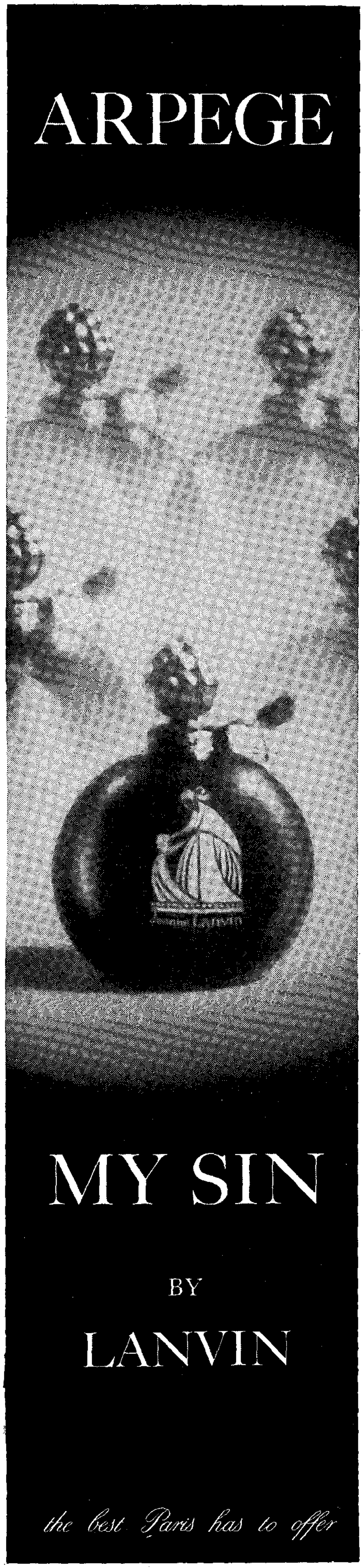

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

an old pipe can get you quite lifted up. There is gum inside the bowl, too, but it hasn't much virtue, because it keeps burning off; it's temporary."

I picked up the stem of our pipe and looked into the hole where the neck of the bowl fitted. Inside was a shiny, dark-brown mucky substance. It had the sweet opium smell. The stem itself was of plain, dark bamboo and had an ivory mouthpiece. I ran my finger down the side, and the bamboo felt satiny. "The stems are important, too," Mr. Fu said. "The best are made of bamboo from Ngaichau Island; it has a mysterious grain that you can feel but not see. It also is good if a bamboo pipe has a knot of twig stumps in the shape of a knot of woman's hair at one of its joints. The very best is to have the stumps of seven twigs, properly carved. There is also a beautiful gnarled wood, called mountain mandarin, that is supposed to have medicinal qualities, and pipestems made of it are highly valued. Ordinary wood is bad, though. Ivory is good for the mouthpiece, and especially blood ivory, which takes on color with smoking." I asked what the objection was to ordinary wood. "Wood so near the face suggests a coffin, for one thing," Mr. Fu said. "Also, the Chinese character for 'wood' and the character for 'mouth' combine to make the character for 'idiot.' Nobody," he said with Chinese finality, "wants to be an idiot."

THROUGH the slits in the partition I could get a look at the big room, and from time to time I studied it. Its key qualities, I should say, were brownness, horizontality, and calm. The walls and benches were brown, and so were the pipes and the faces of the smokers, which stood out in the glow from the little lamps. The murkiness of the air seemed to make things browner, and so did the opium smell, which I had come to identify with brownness. The smokers on the benches were, to a man, reclining—sometimes leaning on an elbow but more often lying flat, with their heads on their pillows, the highest elevations being a hunched shoulder or a bent knee. They were dressed in the plain, faded, patched cotton clothes of rickshaw coolies and laborers; this was a low-class place, except for whatever impression of opulence visitors to the alcoves might lend it. I could understand what the smokers were doing, after Mr. Fu's and Ah Ling's explanations. Some were making pipes and others were smoking them, but most were just lying on their pillows, taking it easy. When they moved, they moved slowly, and their talk was low. The Cantonese dialect normally has frequent loud spots in it, and some outsiders find it quarrelsome-sounding, but there was none of this to be heard in the divan. The mood was quiet and harmonious, like that in an underwater cave where sea anemones wave their arms without passion. Opium addicts are supposed to grow thin and sallow, and it seemed to me that many of the smokers in the room showed these characteristics—an impression I confirmed later, on the way out. Opium also makes people thirsty, and I noticed that each group of smokers in the divan had a pot of tea and drank often. Servants padded through the room in their cloth shoes, tending the tea and opium supply lines. A couple of them sat at a table in a corner, filling the little horn containers; a rack of pipes, hung horizontally one above another, like riding crops, was attached to the wall over their heads. The pipes were simple, like the one in our alcove; there was no magical-grained bamboo or medicinal wood in this place. The squat man, who smiled a good deal and seemed jovial, stood by the table and moved around but little; he was plainly in charge, but I gathered from Mr. Fu and Ah Ling that some vague person of greater influence actually owned the divan or controlled it. There were a couple of lazy cats in the front room, too—a tortoise-shell one and a striped yellow one—which now lay on the floor and now drifted about, quietly and in tune with the lethargic pace of the place.

Mr. Fu saw me looking through the slits and remarked that the divan was a typical poorer-class one; it was not a place a scholar of old would have picked for his smoking. "There are four things that are supposed to make smoking good," he said, "and in my opinion they are solid facts—not just talk, like so much that a Chinese literary man says when he starts making up sets of good things, in fours or any other number. One good thing is the noise of soft rain on a windowpane. I don't think this is just an aesthetic point; I think it is a key to the amount of humidity that's best for smoking. Another good thing is a lamp that is clear, or brilliant—however you translate the character '*ming*,' the one made up from the characters for 'sun' and 'moon.' A third is the big noise of the pipe. Without the noise, there is no smoke. You wouldn't feel you were smoking. Indeed, you wouldn't *be* smoking. Finally, and much the most important, is friendship. Think of De Quincey and the mess he got into from taking opium alone. It's not so much fun alone; that's why it's so dangerous. Anyway, a man of the leisure class will try hard to get these four things, and when he has them, he expects very enjoyable smoking."

IT seemed to get pleasanter all the time in our alcove, even though we didn't have all four of the good things. It was snug, it was warm, and it looked warmer than it was because of the lamp's orange light. Mr. Fu and Ah Ling had each had several pipes, and they seemed talkative. I judged it was time to ask Mr. Fu, who was lying dreamily with his legs crossed, what effect opium has on a smoker. "Well, it jolts you right out of the blues," he said. "When you're in the dumps, it makes you feel everyone is reaching out toward you with sympathy. Your whole desire is to *do* things—with a friend or friends, not separately. Smoking makes you gregarious. You start talking; you never grow silent. You want to do things because you can do everything better than other people can. If you gamble, you gamble to lose, because you can lose better than others, lose with less hurt; it doesn't help a damn bit to win. Alcohol makes a swine out of a gentleman, some people say, but opium makes a gentleman out of a swine." He was talking deliberately and seemed to be taking much thought. "Opium is slow in its effect," he went on. "It takes three-quarters of an hour to feel it. Of course, you can't compare these days with the old ones, because of the terrible gulf of the war. Prewar, you could get really good Calcutta. You could feel it going down. You could feel an actual warmth going downward, but now it's not so palpable. I think the most terrific thing is the physical aspect. A man in a crawling mood speeds up very much with opium. He might lick you badly at tennis if he had been your equal before. He could make the ball go like a bullet. I don't know if a hundred-yard runner would improve his record, but a tennis player would be better. Once, when I was younger, I was playing in a championship tennis tournament in another city, and I was winning a match easily. Then the opium gave out on me, and I lost every point. I didn't even realize until some time later what had slowed me down. That's another thing about opium—its secretiveness. It is like the works of God—

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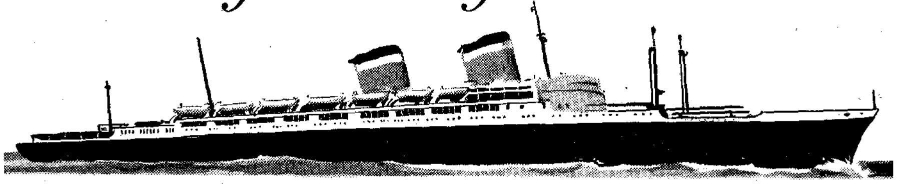

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In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44th St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees
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MARK HELLINGER THEA., B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
DOROTHY McGUIRE
RICHARD BURTON in
Legend of Lovers
by JEAN ANOUILH
Adapted from the French by Kitty Black
Directed by PETER ASHMORE
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. W. of B'way, Mats Thurs. & Sat.

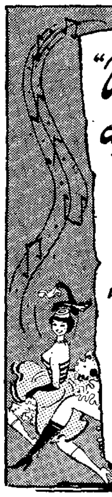
not seen, not heard, but felt. Time is just suspended. The nearest I can get to describing it is in terms of gears; opium makes the mind and the body change their gear ratio. You might lie here for days, but you would think at the end you had been here for only a few hours."

The lamp was burning low, and Ah Ling took the chimney off and filled the reservoir from the little teapot. "Smoking steadies me up for writing," Mr. Fu murmured. "It is like a wonderful surgical instrument—dangerous if you don't control it. It will help your thoughts fly over the cosmos. You could communicate with Bernard Shaw, but not with everyone. You will get exactly nowhere, though, unless you have your goal all planned out, fixed before you smoke. Unless you take care in advance, you'll plunge in the wrong direction, to things that are not concrete. The wonder of opium is there for you to use, and it makes you fly through all that space. You sit here all concrete and factual, yet really you are flying." He raised himself on an elbow. "Here is a solid fact," he said. "Every writer knows the moment when words will not come with ease. Opium just plucks them out of the back of your cranium, surprising you each time. Sometimes the words tumble over each other, if you are going well. I should underline, though, that this happens only with good opium, not with bad."

I asked Mr. Fu about De Quincey, who drank laudanum, a tincture of opium. "Everything De Quincey said was true, with the natural and inevitable exaggeration," he answered. "But, of course, eating or drinking opium is bad; it can only be a pale imitation. It should be kept as a means of breaking off the habit of smoking; it's the natural and most successful way of doing that. One trouble with De Quincey must have been that he lost count of the drops—you remember that he writes of taking so many thousand drops a day? Sooner or later, he would leave off dropping it from a medicine dropper and start pouring it. Then he would lose control." After De Quincey became an addict, I recalled, he was troubled by vivid and horribly present nightmares, which seem to have lingered with him through the suspension of time described by Mr. Fu. I asked if addiction to smoking brought the same thing. "No," Mr. Fu said. "The trouble with De Quincey wasn't d.t.s or pink elephants or anything like that from opium. It is possible that the laudanum, in all that quantity, gave him indigestion. Anyway, smoking doesn't give you such dreams. The danger of smoking is that when you lose control, there is no compensation except to increase. Then you are gone—though some addicts, mind you, have kept on for forty years and recovered. An addict can still get a lift from opium; his trouble is that he can't do without it. It is true he may get thin and weak, but I believe this often comes from a general loss of healthiness, or even from age, rather than from opium alone. We Chinese call opium-smoking taming the tiger, and any-one knows you don't enter a tiger's cage without risk. Even so, half the habit is psychological. I've known addicts who have been fooled into smoking gum for a month and haven't been aware of it—pure gum, no opium at all; a cat could have eaten it without ill effect."

I don't know how to rate these judgments of Mr. Fu's, beyond saying that they are on the rosy end of a broad spectrum of opinions about opium. Some experts I have talked to here believe the road into addiction is easy, the road out very hard, and the usefulness of an addict almost zero. However, the Encyclopædia Britannica, in its article on opium-smoking, says, "So far as can be gathered from the conflicting statements published on the subject, opium-smoking may be regarded much in the same light as the use of alcoholic stimulants. . . . When carried to excess, opium-smoking becomes an inveterate habit; but this happens chiefly in individuals of weak will power who would just as easily become the victims of intoxicating drinks . . ." American doctors agree that opium-smoking in itself is the least dangerous of all the opiate addictions, but add that it can lead to all sorts of dreadful trouble. Of course, their concern with the practice is almost academic; in the United States, opium, because of its bulk, is trafficked in less than any other illegal drug, and the arrangements required for smoking it are so time-consuming and elaborate that detection is easy. Probably the key to the whole thing is control, and that is a matter of individual character. In any case, opium-smoking is an indulgence in which one mistake in judgment is almost inevitably followed by the blackest sort of catastrophe.

THE smoking was over in our alcove, apparently, and we lay there awhile, talking in a desultory way. Mr. Fu told me of a songbird he had once owned that he had let fly about his room; the bird had got interested in opium and had tried to eat some, but



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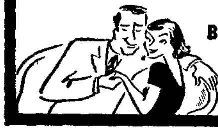

"UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY!" —BROWN, Sat. Review of Lit.
Leland Hayward presents
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A New Comedy by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
JANIS PAIGE—JACKIE COOPER
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THE THEATRE GUILD presents
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— COLEMAN, Mirror
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"I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS"
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had succeeded only in getting its bill stuck together. After that, it gave up trying direct indulgence, but continued to like the general idea of opium sessions; it came to Mr. Fu eagerly whenever he got his pipe out, perched on his hand, arm, or shoulder, and refused to leave till the smoking was over. It kept this up for more than a year, until one day it disappeared through a window during a typhoon.

At length, we decided we had had enough repose, and Mr. Fu bade Ah Ling get the manager, who came smiling. We had some conversation with him, during which I learned, through Mr. Fu's interpreting, that business in the divan was about as good as usual; that more or less the same clients came night after night (with a few exceptions like ourselves) and smoked more or less the same amount; that the management expected them to keep coming as long as they were given good stuff at a reasonable price; and that this was getting harder to do all the time, but was still possible. The manager fidgeted; though affable, he plainly didn't want to talk, and I stopped quizzing him. Mr. Fu paid him, and we got up.

We were delayed at the door while the manager sent someone down to make sure the street was empty. The smoker on the bench nearest us was a tall man and very thin; his face was drawn, and he looked a good deal like the Mad Hatter, except that he was wearing a skullcap of brown wool; he was languidly stroking the tortoise-shell cat, which had arrived at his stall on its rounds. He seemed dirty and his clothes were carelessly buttoned, yet there was an air of courtesy about him. He graciously beckoned me to sit down and join him in a pipe, something I truly regretted I couldn't do. Just then the scout came back to say the coast was clear, and we went down the stairs. Once we were outside, Ah Ling vanished; he didn't go away, it seemed, he just disintegrated. The air was sharply cool now, and I remarked on this to Mr. Fu. "Yes," he said, "but after the opium, you know, I feel that a cold night is just what is wanted. That wind coming down the alley is just right, too. It has all been laid out in perfect harmony. That's how it always is when you've been smoking."

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

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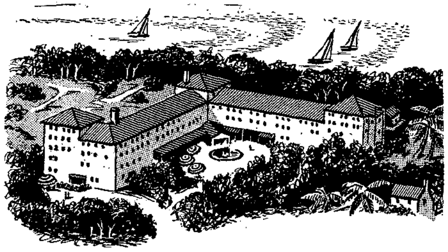

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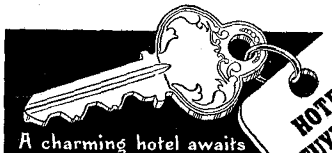

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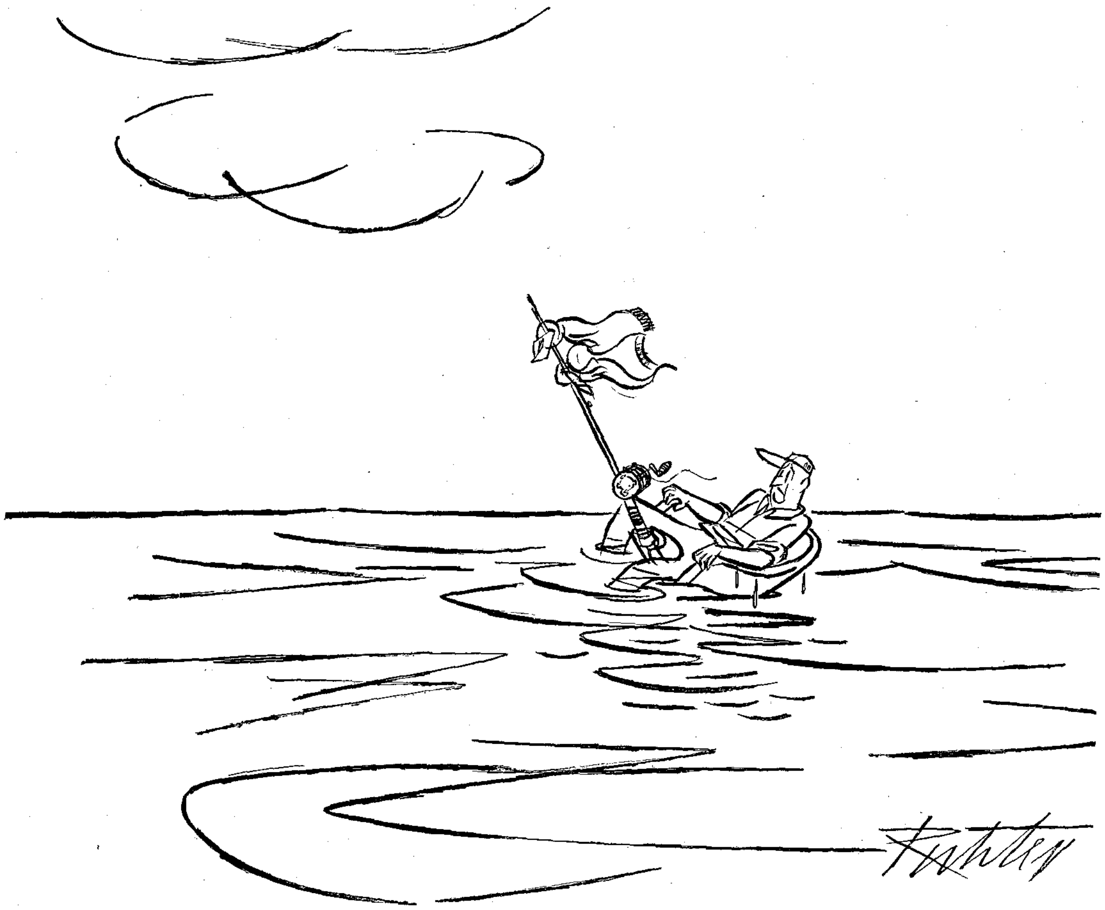
THE THEATRE

MORE GHOSTS

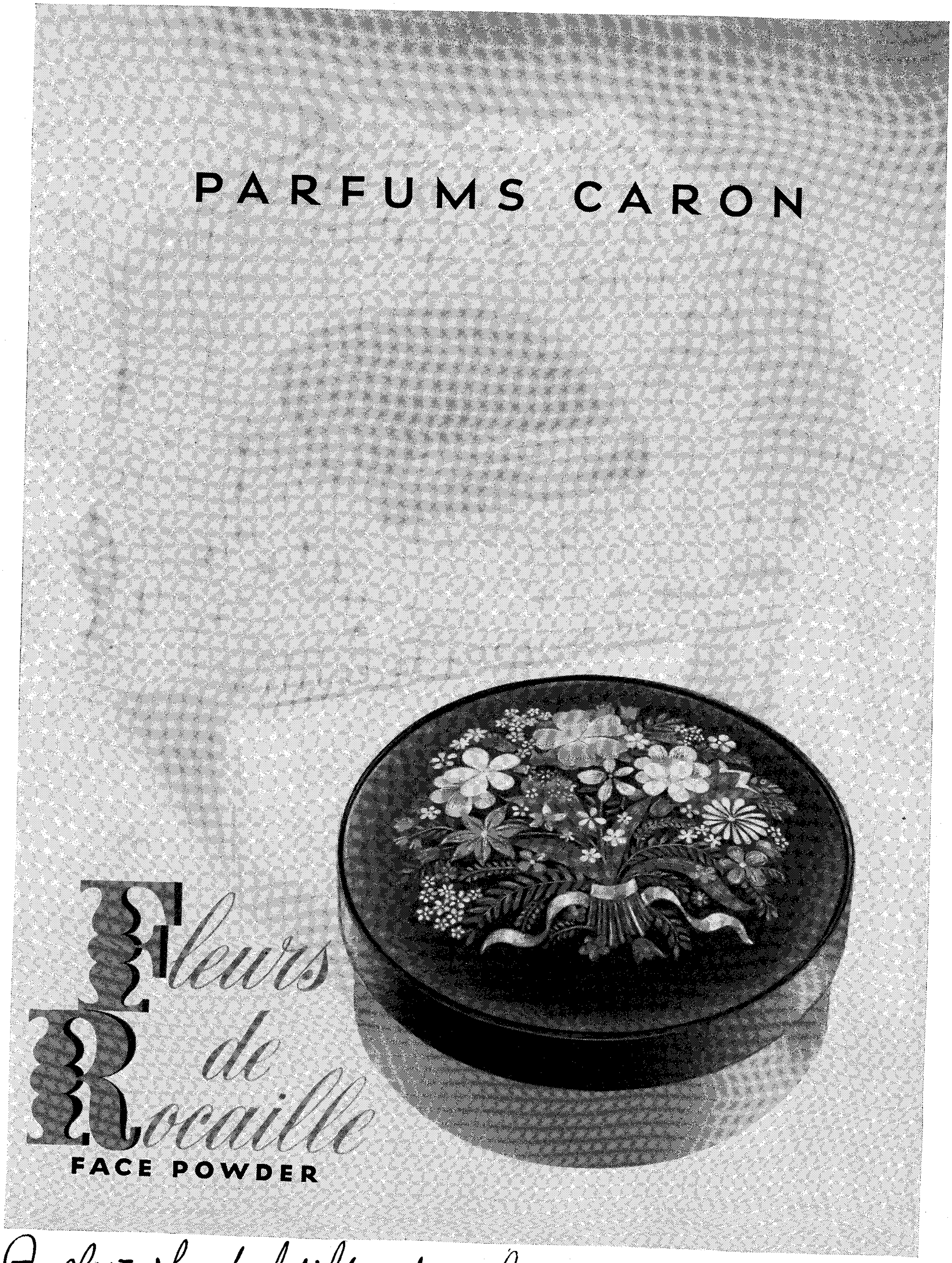
"LEGEND OF LOVERS," at the Plymouth, is a recapitulation of the classic story of Orpheus and Eurydice to the extent that the two central characters bear these names, which ring out a bit oddly in the provincial French railway station and the shabby hotel bedroom in Marseille in which the action is laid; that he is a musician, though performing on an accordion rather than a lyre; and that when she dies—in this case, in a bus accident—he is given the opportunity of returning her to life but fails to do so, because he can't help looking at her. Otherwise, the play, adapted by Kitty Black from Jean Anouilh's Gallic original, owes practically nothing to mythology, being principally a series of remarkably explicit conversations about sex between the hero and the heroine, punctuated occasionally by the appearance of other actors, who serve chiefly to argue that it is better to be dead than alive, a proposition with which at the final curtain I found myself in enthusiastic agreement.

The plot, insofar as it can be disentangled in this brief space, is concerned mainly with a young woman, a road-company actress of no discernible talent, who, either because of a fatally amiable disposition or just because of a fundamentally shiftless outlook on life, is in the habit of going to bed with practically anybody who asks her to. When, early in the evening, one of her lovers obligingly eliminates himself by committing suicide, she is free to take off with the accordionist for Marseille. Their bedroom antics in this sequence struck me as rather too uninhibited and gymnastic for comfort, at least in the mixed company of the theatre, but since nobody in my vicinity was visibly disconcerted by them, the chances are that I am being captious in my elderly fashion. Anyway, it is clear that they have both found the first real happiness in their lives, and they are making their plans for the lovely future when doom descends upon them in the shape of a letter from another of her former admirers, who is prepared to go to any villainous lengths to get her back. This, in a manner too complex to discuss here, leads to her end in the bus, and brings Orpheus back in despair to the railway station, where a figure of supernatural origin—the Death-in-a-Business-Suit of a great many previous and somewhat similar works—first conjures up the shade of Eurydice and then, when she is finally lost forever, talks him into killing himself, on the ground that he will be united with her in Paradise, where, of course, love is both permanent and without any of the distressing physical aspects it has on earth. This inflated metaphysical nonsense (Death is present in all three acts, but he doesn't really hit his stride until the last one) is probably the most trying feature of the play, but the rest of the talk, except for a brief scene in which Orpheus's disreputable old father makes out an entertaining case for the sinful lusts of the flesh, isn't much better. "Legend of Lovers" is reported to have had a very gratifying success in Paris and London. I can think of no rational explanation for this astonishing divergence in taste.

Dorothy McGuire and Richard Burton, who have the title roles, are both attractive and talented actors, and their failure to bring much spirit or conviction to the central romance can hardly be blamed on them. The others include Hugh Griffith, Edith King, Alexander Clark, Bruce Gordon, and Noel Willman. Of them all, only Mr. Griffith, as the father, has material really worth bothering with. Eldon Elder's sets, especially his spacious and ingenious design for the station refreshment room, are admirable. This is more than I can say for Peter Ashmore's direction, which I suspect often makes the piece seem more shapeless and pretentious than it actually is.



IN many ways, I found "Antony and Cleopatra" even more disappointing than the "Caesar and Cleopatra" that alternates with it at the



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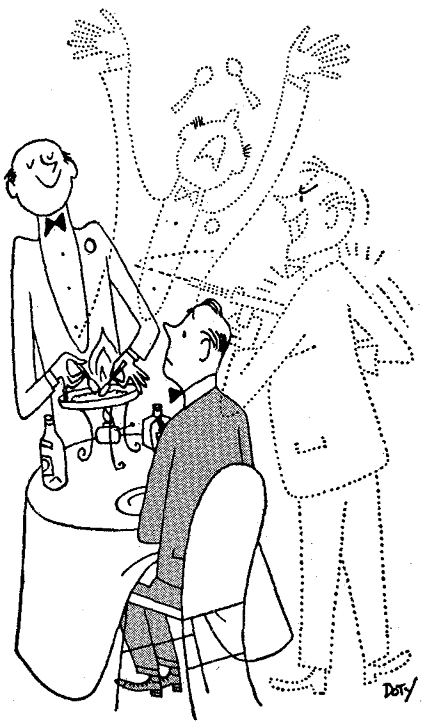
Some people
loathe
Crêpes Suzettes!



They loathe 'em . . . even if this First Family of the Pancake is swimming in Napoleon Brandy and a ballerina of flame pirouettes around the chafing dish. Good for them, we say . . . for it would be a pretty sad state of affairs if our dislikes were not honored in the same way as our likes.

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Ziegfeld. For one thing, it may easily be the most confused of all Shakespeare's plays, being crowded with military and political activities that must be nearly incomprehensible to barbarians unfamiliar with the text or with previous productions and that are pretty hard going even for those who have been subjected to the piece, either in print or on the stage, since earliest childhood. For another, the setting, composed chiefly of a shifting and revolving arrangement of columns that somehow reminded me simultaneously of Dali and Maxfield Parrish, made it fairly difficult to tell at once whether the action was supposed to be taking place in Rome or Alexandria. And for a third, the actors, with a few exceptions, delivered their lines in such a subdued key that I missed a good many of them in Row G, while less privileged friends of mine, seated in the rear of the theatre, remarked indignantly that there were long stretches when they felt they were witnessing a pantomime. From their reports, this was particularly true in the case of Enobarbus's speech about the heroine's infinite variety, which several of them couldn't hear at all.

To offset these complaints, at least partly, I would like to say that Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra—the queen this time, rather than the kitten—is a regal and genuinely tragic interpretation; that Laurence Olivier, as Antony, demonstrates again his extraordinary versatility, covering an emotional range that few actors of our time would attempt to match; and that there are interesting and generally satisfactory performances by Robert Helpmann as Octavius Caesar, Wilfrid Hyde White as Lepidus, and Niall MacGinnis as Pompey. I'm afraid, however, that these are just about all the compliments I can pay. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Mrs. Harry W. Pinkham, wife of Sheriff Pinkham, broke her right wrist Saturday afternoon after falling on the ice on Western Avenue.

Mrs. Pinkham was treated at the Augusta General Hospital and her wrist was re-set by Dr. Harold E. Small. She remained overnight, returning to her State Street home Sunday afternoon. Both Sheriff and Mrs. Pinkham are reported to be resting comfortably.—*Augusta (Maine) Kennebec Journal.*

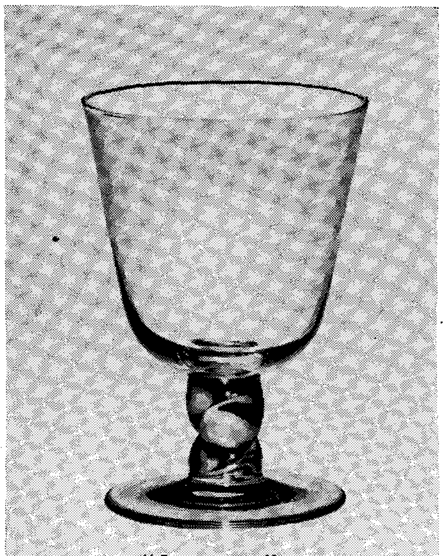
Maybe he's a natural-born rester.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Harvard Law School Bulletin*]

Barclay Shaw, '38, was erroneously indicated as deceased. We are really sorry.



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OPINION FROM THE BENCH

FOR quite some time, I have been periodically, if detachedly, aware of the annual announcement by the New York Dress Institute of its choice of the ten best-dressed women. This roster of the sleek élite is usually headed by some one like Mrs. Harrison Williams or the Duchess of Windsor, and, regardless of who is first, Mrs. Byron C. Foy is second. Oh, it's possible she hasn't been the runner-up every single year, but that's where my vague memory of the past standings puts her, and to me she will always be the Little Bill Johnston of the fashion world. I am evidently not the only one who feels this way about her, what's more. Just recently, I read a list of the ten best-*tressed* women of 1951 that some roguish hairdresser had put out, and Mrs. Foy was second there, too.

Heretofore, I have never been in a position to know by what method of selection women were tapped for the roll of honor. Nor have I cared much. But from time to time I have been unable to help wondering how the judges, whoever they were, could have omitted my wife's name from the list. My wife was not born a Chrysler, as was Mrs. Foy, nor did she marry a Foy, but she sometimes acts as if she had been and did, and anybody who has ever watched me watch her sweep purposefully through the compliant portals of Bonwit's or Bergdorf's must have realized from my expression of mingled pride and apprehension that her approach to clothes is, to say the least, remarkable.

A FEW weeks ago, I was given cause to amend my standoffish attitude toward the best-dressed list. The occasion was my receiving in the mail a wholly unexpected communication from the New York Dress Institute, marked "Ballot." "Below is your ballot for the 1951 Best Dressed Women List," it began, sending a hot flash of anticipation through me. "As the result of a national vote of fashion authorities and other prominent people," it went on flatteringly, "these lists constitute an important style standard and symbol of current taste in America. You are asked to fill out this ballot after you have given thought and consideration to the subject. Your choice is confidential and will be kept anonymous." I was asked to return my filled-out ballot by December 1st (the Institute, I gathered, planned to announce its findings at the end of the year), and I was further advised, "If you need to refresh your memory, you will find on the attached sheets a list of women who have been cited in the past. *But please make the list your own selection!*"

Attached were three mimeographed sheets containing a hundred and twenty-seven names, in alphabetical order—among them, naturally, Mrs. Williams, the Duchess, and Mrs. Foy. There was a flock of other royalty, including four countesses and practically the entire distaff side of the ruling family of Britain, from Queen Mary through Princess Margaret. Queen Elizabeth, I was astonished to perceive, had been omitted. Certain of the names supplied to refresh my memory—I cite as random examples Mrs. Anthony Horvath, Mrs. Albert G. Rupp, and Princess Dado Ruspoli—proved a source of embarrassment to me. Not only did they fail to set any mnemonic wheels clicking but, to be blunt about it, I had never heard of the ladies in my life. Moreover, there seemed to be some inconsistency, if not downright confusion, in the form of the listings. For instance, of my four appellant countesses, two who appeared in close succession were put down as "Countess Uberto Corti" and "Countess Rodolfo Crespi (Rome)." Why was the one thus geographically pinpointed, I wondered, and the other made to seem, by comparison, a titled vagrant? Place identifications were used in the cases of some ladies nearer at hand, too. Mrs. Charles B. Goodspeed, Mrs. Edgar Scott, and Mrs. George Hann were tabbed as hailing from, respectively, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Sewickley, Pennsylvania. For a moment, I thought that maybe all the women whose addresses were not otherwise specified could be assumed to be residents of New York, but that theory exploded on me as soon as I noticed that among the ladies without regional affiliation were Princess Elizabeth, a bevy of Hollywood stars, and Mrs. William O'Dwyer. The list, by the way, included thirty-one women I could identify as actresses, which seemed to me a trifle disproportionate.

It also occurred to me, fleetingly, that

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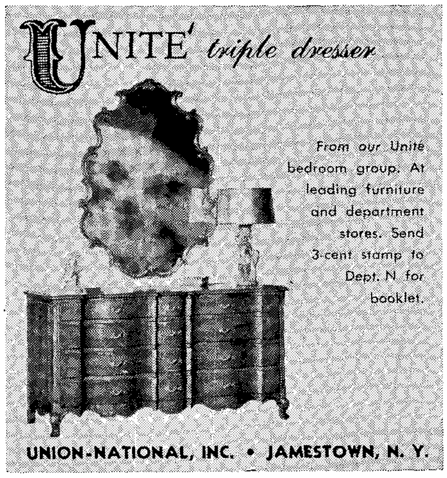
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perhaps the ladies with addresses, who composed a mere twenty out of the lot—or twenty-one if you count "Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue" as a name-with-address—had been so singled out because the Dress Institute looked on them as being of purely local calibre and not apt to stand up in nationwide competition. That notion seemed so unchivalrous to me, on reflection, that, as a judge determined to be fair and impartial in my findings, I not only dismissed it from my mind but rebuked myself for ever having entertained it. Accordingly, I was once again able to regard as perfectly eligible for my accolade Mrs. Henry Ford II (Detroit) and Mrs. Katherine Biddle (Philadelphia). It was my judicial view, however, that both place names were quite superfluous. As if a Ford and a Biddle would live anywhere else! Even I know that much.

IN pondering my list of prospects, I was further addled by the fact that for a dozen of the ladies on it more than one name was given. I was informed—and it was a lot of information for an uninitiate like me to assimilate on being first introduced to the lady—that Mrs. Rodman Arturo de Heeren used to be Aimée Lopes de Sottomaior, and I permitted myself to be distracted from my task long enough to mutter a word of pity for all the salesclerks who have been involved, at any stage of the game, in *her* march toward the charmed circle. Then, there was the business of non-royal titles. In general, the Dress Institute favored referring to actresses, whether married or not, by their names alone, unprefaced by a "Mrs." or a "Miss." Matrons not on the stage got a "Mrs.," or, as in the case of the wives of Jacques Fath and Louis Arpels, a "Mme." Non-professional Misses were simply ignored, undoubtedly on the premise that no female could conceivably be best-dressed without a loving and generous mate at her side, or possibly a couple of strides behind her. But there was nothing unvarying about this titular procedure, either. Oveta Culp Hobby, for instance, was down as "Oveta Culp Hobby." Perhaps she was disallowed her rightful use of "Mrs." because she was once a Wac and the Dress Institute has some reservations about lady soldiers. If that was the reason, the Institute made an appallingly bad estimate of that particular situation. The most wonderful customers imaginable for dresses, shoes, hats, furs, lingerie, and other such frippery are women just released from the inhibiting pleats of a uniform. If anyone doubts this, let him examine my checkbook stubs for the period immediately following November 14, 1945, which was the day my wife left the Women's Army Corps and laid instant and formidable siege to Fifth Avenue.

The Institute took still other exceptions to its own rules of compositional style. While Ina Claire was listed with her married name, Mrs. William Wallace, parenthetically appended, Lynn Fontanne was plain "Lynn Fontanne," and Janet Gaynor was "Mrs. Gilbert Adrian (Janet Gaynor)." Another unconventional entry was "Mrs. Orson Munn (Carrie Munn)." Why the sudden intimacy, I wondered. Was I to infer there was something irresistibly informal about Mrs. Munn that should sway me in her direction and away from Mona Williams, Wallis Windsor, and Thelma Foy, for none of whom even the hint of a first name was provided? It was all rather baffling, and, mindful of the injunction I'd had to give the matter thought and consideration, I decided not to vote until I had had a chance to consult my wife.

AFTER dinner that night, my wife carefully read the judges' instructions and the accompanying panel of candidates. When she was through, I asked her what she thought I should do.

"You ever see any of these dames?" she asked.

"Of course not," I said. "I doubt whether anybody has ever seen them, except for the actresses."

"It would be silly to vote for actresses," my wife said. "Everybody knows their clothes are just part of their work. You might as well vote for the ten best wardrobe mistresses."

I nodded in admiring agreement with her logic.

"Tell you what," she finally said, "we'll go seek the best-dressed women out in their haunts. We'll look 'em over, and then you can make your decision."

"Won't that be expensive?" I asked nervously.

"Oh, I imagine you can turn in an expense account to the Institute," she said. "A judge has got to have evidence."

The plan she evolved was beautiful and classic, like a simple little black dress. By day, we would visit a few of the more stylish shops and by night a corresponding number of *boîtes*. We set off at noon the following day, and presently found ourselves drifting in and out of a series of elegant sales salons. In each one, the procedure was the same. After a saleslady greeted us, I would pull out my mimeographed list of names, show it to her, and ask her to tell me if any of those people happened to be on the premises. Then the saleslady would give me a long, queer, cold look, frown for a moment, pull herself together, smile brightly, and, addressing my wife, say, "But what a lovely figure Madame has for the new spring styles! There is a charming flannel suit that I absolutely must show you. It's almost as if our designer had you in mind . . ."

When darkness mercifully came, I was exhausted and had yet to spot a single one of my hundred and twenty-seven quarries, but my wife appeared, by contrast, to be uncommonly exhilarated. The only thing that made me smile, indeed, was the realization that the Dress Institute would ultimately reimburse me for the lavish wardrobe that had been earmarked for shipment from scattered splendid ateliers to my home.

AFTER a bite at our favorite Liggett's, and a double feature, I felt refreshed.

"Where to now?" I asked.

"Oh, the Stork and Morocco, I suppose," my wife said.

We had rather bad luck at both places. It seemed, according to the doormen who intercepted us, that each was positively jammed, to the extent that there was really no point in our even stepping into the vestibule. We hung around outside for quite a while, nonetheless, watching handsomely groomed women enter and depart. As they passed us, my wife and I, shivering with excitement, not to mention cold, would exchange furtive whispers and shrugs. "Mrs. Rupp, d'you think?" she would whisper, and I would shrug. Or "Countess Corti?" I would whisper, and *she* would shrug. Eventually, the doorman at each spot ordered us to move along, mumbling something inane about autograph hounds. Toward the small hours of the morning, as we were standing hopefully outside the portals of still another spot somewhere in the East Fifties, I was emboldened by desperation to show my by then much thumbed list to its doorman and ask him if he'd be good enough to tell me if any of the ladies on it were around.

"Who wants to know, Mac?" he asked.

"Sorry, but I'm supposed to be anon-

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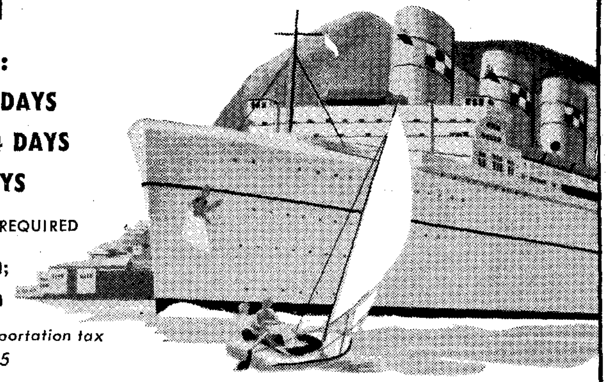

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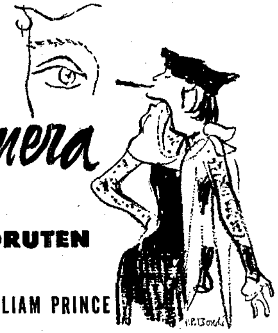

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ymous," I said. "It's the annual selection of the ten best-dressed women, and I'm a judge."

"And I'm Judge Crater," he said. "Now, shove."

THE critical year is over and my list, alas, is still not fully drawn up. So far, in fact, I've decided definitely on only three names. Queen Elizabeth is my third choice. I think it was tactless of the Institute to leave her off its squad of eligibles, while putting her mother-in-law on it, and I should think the State Department would thank me for trying to smooth over this diplomatic *gaffe*, no matter what the other judges may have resolved. Naturally, Mrs. Byron C. Foy is second; it would be as absurd to try to ease her out of there as it would be to move Babe Ruth out of right field on an all-time baseball team. My wife is first. She may not stay there much longer, though, if the Institute doesn't hurry up with that check to cover her new wardrobe. I sure hope it's just the delay in the mails caused by the holidays that's holding things up.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

And finally, he came to the new medical school site. He remembered President Stewart's rough estimate, between 15 and 20 million dollars, for the school's basic needs.

There it was, all in one green bundle; only now the bundle moved, in spasms, like it was breathing. Then it exploded, scattering high above the fields, suddenly coagulating. A smoky film encased the scene, hiding it for a timeless moment.

And then it lifted. The Old Grad saw the gleaming new hospital, awash with white-gowned, fledgling doctors and nurses. He saw the classroom building, the nurses' dorms, the dental clinic.

The view faded and the weeds and bushes were there again. But there was a smell—or was it something he had seen? Or maybe it was just a feeling.—*West Virginia University Daily Athenaeum.*

Now that you mention it, we smell something, too.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Gould, of 231 Brookline st., announce the engagement of their daughter, Pfc. Jean Marie Gould, U. S. Marine Corps, to Cpl. Henry R. Gronendahl, USMC, of Philadelphia, who is serving as senior drill instructor at Parris Island, and previously saw service in Korea. They plan a December wedding and will live near the Marine Base.

Romance lasted longer in the old days because a bride looked the same after washing her face.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle-Sun.*

No remarks, please!

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A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS Adapted from COLETTE'S Novel
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TELEVISION

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RADIO-TELEVISION 75

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S new opera, "Amahl and the Night Visitors," presented for the first time on Christmas Eve, over N.B.C., was, to put it simply, a lovely and wonderful thing to see and hear. It was, I think, Menotti at the very top of his form—alternately as dramatic as Grand Guignol and as tender as Christmas Eve, now melodic, now atonal, but above all else compassionate and warm. Mr. Menotti himself appeared on the screen just before the forty-five-minute opera began, to tell us some of the curious circumstances of its composition. It seems that two years ago N.B.C. commissioned him to write an opera for their Television Opera Theatre, the first assignment of its kind. Menotti had a good deal of difficulty fastening on a subject. In fact, he said he hadn't a single idea for the new work until, wandering through the Metropolitan Museum of Art one day, he happened to stop in front of "The Adoration of the Magi," by the fifteenth-century Dutch master Hieronymus Bosch. The sight of the picture, which portrays the three kings in the presence of the Christ Child and His mother, had a profoundly evocative effect on Menotti, who was instantly reminded of his childhood in Italy and of a dream he used to have then, which dealt with a visitation of the three kings at his own home. The dream was still quite bright and clear to him, he said; the kings acted and walked in a definite manner, and he could even remember their faces. Moreover, he recalled that his brother, with whom he apparently discussed his impression of the kings, always insisted that one of them was slightly deaf. Menotti said that, standing there in the Museum, he knew he had found the subject for his opera.

Menotti's choice was a happy one, and in the first few minutes after the opera began, I had a definite sense that he had turned out a work of art. His story (he wrote the libretto as well as the music) has the complex simplicity of a true legend. It centers on Amahl, a poor and crippled peasant boy, who lives with his mother in a hovel and sleeps on a bed of straw. Amahl tells his mother he is certain that three kings have come to the door of their wretched house. His mother is convinced that the boy is mad, but on going to the door she sees them there, robed in all their finery. (One of them is slightly deaf.) They ask for food and shelter for themselves and their servant. They are made welcome, and peasants of the neighborhood, in a delirium of shock and joy at the visitation, bring them great gifts of food, and dance and sing for them. They can tarry only one night, since they are in the midst of a long journey and a divine search. During the night, Amahl's mother, overcome by the thought of her poverty, attempts to steal some gold from the sleeping servant. The servant awakens in time to save the gold, and Amahl, awakening too, struggles with the servant and protects his mother. One of the kings tells her she may have the gold; the child they seek does not need it, for he will build his kingdom on love. Amahl offers his crutch to the kings as a gift, and finds that he can walk. He asks to go along with them, and with his crutch strapped to his back, almost as though it were a cross, he takes leave of his mother and his home and starts out with the three kings on their journey, as the opera ends.

This is, of course, merely a bald outline of Menotti's story, in the course of which he has many penetrating and daring things to say about poverty, evil, wealth, fear, release from fear, and the divinity of the individual. Musically, "Amahl" struck me as being Menotti's finest work, a perfect complement to his strange and wondrous tale, and it seemed to contain a depth and range of human feeling that I have missed in some of his earlier pieces. The N.B.C. Television Opera Theatre, and Hallmark Cards, the sponsor of the program, gave "Amahl" the production it deserved. Chet Allen, a twelve-year-old boy with the voice and face of an angel, had the role of Amahl, and was something more than memorable. Rosemary Kuhlmann, as his mother, sang and acted with great tenderness and beauty, and Andrew McKinley, David Aiken, Leon Lishner, and Francis Monachino were also superb, as the three kings and their servant. John Butler's choreography provided one of the

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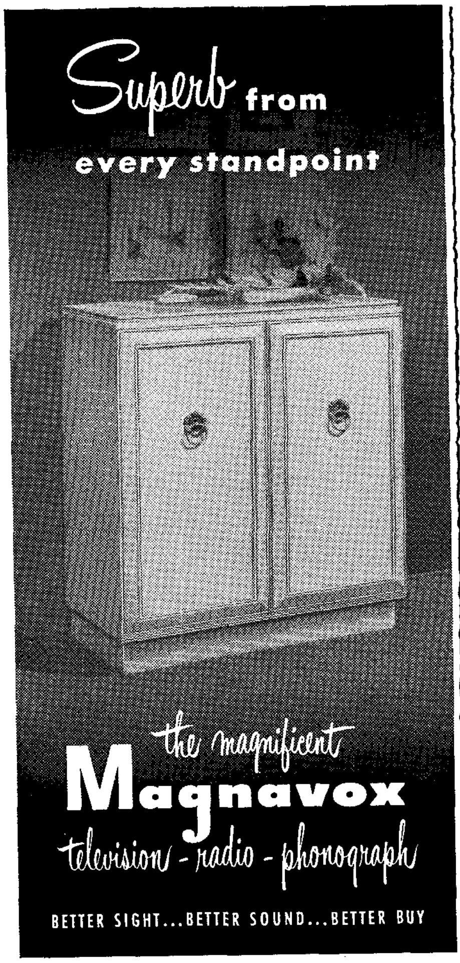
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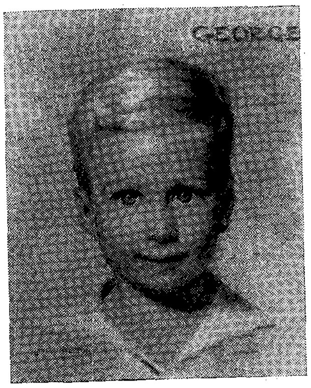
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most moving moments of the opera—a peasant dance, which, as danced by Melissa Hayden, was really quite overpowering. Eugene Berman's settings had much of the quality of Bosch's painting, and were, to my mind, exactly in keeping with what Menotti was saying. Samuel Chotzinoff produced the opera, Mr. Menotti directed it, and Thomas Schippers conducted the orchestra. I imagine they are all very contented men.

ANOTHER man who takes a decent view of human beings, Thornton Wilder, was recently treated on television with the respect that is due him. His "The Skin of Our Teeth" was presented over A.B.C. two weeks ago Wednesday, and seemed to me, until "Amahl" came along a few nights later, to be the best thing I had ever seen on the tiny screen. Joseph Schrank's hour-long adaptation of Mr. Wilder's fantastic tribute to the durability of *Homo sapiens* was a model of intelligent and understanding compression, Bob Bright's settings were a highly imaginative departure from the usual dreary run of childish backdrops, and Charles Dubin's direction was on a par with that of the original production, back in 1942. The acting, too, was of a high order, with Nina Foch outstanding as Sabina, the servant girl. ("The dogs are sticking to the sidewalks!" she cried during the play's Glacial Period, and I, for one, believed her.) Thomas Mitchell, as Mr. Antrobus, the harried but undaunted inventor of the wheel and the lever; Peggy Wood, as Mrs. Antrobus, who has been married to Mr. Antrobus for five thousand long happy and unhappy years; Lenka Peterson and James Lipton, as their children; and Mildred Natwick, as the Fortune Teller, were all as fine as could be.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Auburn* (N.Y.) *Citizen-Advertiser*]

TUPPER LAKE, N.Y., Dec. 6—(UP)—Mrs. Howard La Due was almost convinced today that the winters are getting shorter.

•

Keller, who has two mountain lions in his own wild animal collection, said the animals usually travel in Paris at this time of the year—the mating season.—*Rochester* (*N.Y.*) *Democrat & Chronicle.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE situation in the building trades being so critical these days that having an ordinary carpenter put up as much as a dog kennel is a chancy proposition, right now seems a good time to see how things are going in the field of prefabricated construction. With the idea of finding out whether the concerns that make prefabs are having an easier time than the contractors I have talked with lately, I stopped in the other day at the offices and showrooms of the E. F. Hodgson Company, 730 Fifth Avenue (56th), the granddaddy of all the manufacturers of ready-built dwellings. I am pleased to report that Hodgson, a firm that has been in business fifty-eight years, is doing fine, perfectly fine: It is selling around a hundred and seventy-five of its houses and cottages a month, and hasn't had even a day's hitch in output.

For the benefit of anybody in the audience who is under the impression that all prefabricated houses are pretty much alike, maybe I had better run through some of the outstanding features of the Hodgsons. To begin with, they are one-story structures, with walls eight feet high and asphalt-shingled gable roofs fifteen and a half feet high at the peak. Basically, the houses are composed of standard units, each made up of a six-foot square of flooring and the requisite walls and roofing. The units can be fitted together in endless combinations, and since interior walls can be placed wherever the owner wants them, individual taste is given a free hand in determining the size of rooms, the size and number of closets, the number and location of windows and doors (which are built to the owner's specifications), the exposure to sunlight and prevailing breezes, and so on. In addition, the Hodgson units make it easy to enlarge or modify a house to fit changing needs; you simply buy more units and add them on. They can, of course, also be used to enlarge a *non*-Hodgson house.

If you'd like to inspect one of these prefabricated structures, there's an attractive three-room-and-bath, two-closet house set up in the Fifth Avenue showrooms. This model—that is to say, the units that constitute this model—can be assembled in enough different ways to make your head swim, and it costs $3,700, F.O.B. the factory, which is in Dover, Massachusetts. The exterior of this—and of all the Hodgson houses—is of Washington cedar clapboard, either stained a warm brown or painted white with a green or black trim, and the interior walls are of sturdy fibreboards with fireproof insulation between them. (If the customer wants plaster on his walls, the outer fibreboard can be omitted; the initial cost is less that way, but the client pays more in the end, by taking on the plastering job.) The price of the house under discussion includes a large fireplace and a mantel in the living room, floors of matched fir or oak, shutters for all windows, hardware—doorknobs, window latches, and the like—and cellar stairs. (No one has got around to prefabricating cellars, as far as I know.) Blueprints and detailed instructions, right down to patterns showing where the bolts go, are furnished, and many of the necessary bolts and screws are already in place when the units arrive. The plumbing and the chimney and other masonry are not included. Delivery of such a house anywhere in the New York area costs about $100, and if the customer doesn't feel up to taking on the assembly job himself (he probably won't), Hodgson will send a man who will hire local help—four men for this structure—and put it together. The operation will take from three to five days and cost from $300 to $400.

The most inexpensive plan for an all-year house that I examined was that of a pretty little Colonial dwelling consisting of a twelve-by-eighteen-foot living room with a fireplace and mantel, a large picture window and three smaller windows; a bedroom twelve feet square; a bath; a kitchen; and two closets. It costs $2,800, F.O.B. The smallest construction in Hodgson's insulated group, this has proved to be a highly satisfactory starter even for ambitious home builders, who can later tack on Hodgson wings, enlarge the living room by adding more units, and make other improvements.

The company also puts out a group of summer cottages, which are considerably less expensive. These are made of the same Washington cedar clapboarding and finished inside with Masonite wallboards, which of themselves provide a certain amount of insulation; the cottages, though, make no pretense of being

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insulated. These less imposing constructions come in five-foot units; a single ten-by-fifteen-foot room, with a fir floor, a fireplace and mantel, one picture window and three smaller windows, and a gabled roof, costs $592; with a porch and outside window shutters, it would run to $788. A room ten feet square is $463, and a five-by-ten-foot porch for it is $94. The cottages, like the houses, are delivered by the company's own trucks, so there is no chance of a delay because of freight tieups, railroad strikes, and all that. Although Hodgson won't promise delivery in less than two weeks, the purchaser almost always gets his house within ten days.

A SHOWING several weeks ago at M. Singer & Sons, 36 East 19th Street, of some fifty pieces of modern furniture, turned out by four Italian architect-designers and by the local designer Bertha Schaefer, impressed me as such a significant step forward in contemporary cabinetwork that I have been rather shocked at the more or less routine comment the exhibit has evoked in the press. It seems to me that the collection, which is now a part of the Singer line, offers the most exciting departure in furniture design that has appeared in a long time. To those who consider the modern that has been with us right along entirely acceptable, this will seem extravagant praise, and to the ever vigilant guardians of functionalism, who have led us to believe that a certain uncompromising stiffness is inherent in that quality, the warmth and richness of the Singer furniture may appear suspect. But the customer who is searching for elegance in new designs and has found only expensiveness will, I think, share my delight in the easy grace and the vigor of many of these pieces. What these designers—or most of them—have done is to impose on the essentially functional character of their designs something of the freedom and fluidity of abstract sculpture.

Some of the names currently represented on 19th Street were also represented in last year's memorable exhibition of Italian arts and crafts at the Brooklyn Museum, but the furniture at that show was—to me, at any rate—the least commendable effort of the Italian designers. It is interesting to observe here the sure advance of these men, whose technical skill has always been extraordinary, away from eccentricity and toward what I can describe only—and inadequately—as a serene concept of modern design. The nine pieces designed by Gio Ponti are examples of the artistic growth I refer to, and while I don't find all the Ponti work equally decorative, it all has a strength and freshness that have heretofore been lacking in Italian modern or, for that matter, in any other sort of modern. A piece that may not be Ponti's most important but that shows off very strikingly the light, almost floating quality of his style is a long rectangular buffet table, of the type the trade loves to designate as "console." This airy, perfectly proportioned piece is made of beautifully grained dark Italian walnut, exquisitely finished, and has slender, tapering legs tipped with brass and braced with thin, almost fragile-looking brass stretchers, and two drawers that seem to be suspended in air beneath the top. That's all there is to it, but the effect is one of enchanting grace and, at the same time, dignity and authority. It costs around $290. (Perhaps I had better tell you that until the Singer line gets settled down in the retail stores where it will eventually be sold, only approximate prices can be given, and that, for the moment, the furniture can be bought only at the Singer showrooms, through decorators.) Other outstanding Ponti creations are a large walnut desk—intended to stand at a right angle to a wall—with a kneehole flanked by two banks of drawers in the front, and with a long bookshelf in the back ($485); a round glass-topped table supported by a delicate walnut crosspiece set on wedge-shaped walnut legs (this costs $260 and has the distinction, which I hope is a comfort to it, of being the only glass-topped table I would give houseroom); and a number of exceedingly handsome chairs. In connection with the chairs, I should mention the stunning use Ponti has made of heavy cellophane, woven like old-fashioned rush, for backs and seats. This is, I believe, the first time cellophane has made an appearance in furniture, and for dash and style—and, I am assured, for long wear—it is remarkably effective.

Even if Bertha Schaefer had provided nothing but a single chair for the Singer collection, her production of this article would have put her right up near the head of the procession of modern designers. Actually, she is represented by numerous pieces that have great distinction, but it's the chair that I think marks some sort of milestone in modern cabinetwork. The apparent simplicity of the piece, which is made of light-colored walnut, is belied by the subtlety of its design—a rounded, almost semicircular back flowing on either side into

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V-shaped supports that form the rear legs; altogether, it conveys the sculptured quality that distinguishes, in varying degrees, much of the furniture in this group. Like the famous van der Rohe chair, which has been copied by designers short on inspiration for going on two generations, this lovely piece—it costs $118, by the way—is bound to bring forth a lot of watered-down imitations. Another delightful Schaefer design is a large desk ($216) of clean-cut lines, with a single, off-center drawer and, at one end, a trough for books. This is not a worktable for a writer or even for a busy signer of checks and keeper of files, but as a supplemental desk it would be a most decorative and completely practical addition to any room.

A nest of three tables ($207), designed by Ico Parisi, is quite the noblest of this genus I have ever run across. The rectangular tops—the biggest is thirty-one and a half by nineteen and three-quarters inches—are entirely unadorned and depend for their striking effectiveness upon the splendidly matched grain of the dark walnut and upon the meticulous craftsmanship that produced them. Parisi has also turned out a serving cart that is a marvel of ingenuity and convenience, and so good-looking that, in spite of my tendency to ignore such ambulatory furniture, I feel bound to bring it to your attention. It costs $342.

These are merely the high spots of the collection. What you must see for yourself, if you are at all interested in the details of fine cabinetwork, is the soft lustre of the wood and the skilled and imaginative work that has gone into putting it together. Except for some chairs of white Italian ash, the wood used throughout is walnut, the grain and natural color of which have been utilized to the utmost advantage, with no attempt to achieve the tiresomely uniform surface that is the blight of so much modern furniture. Most of the walnut is dark and rich, but there are a few pieces in lighter tones. Whatever the shade of the wood, though, it is as Nature made it—no bleaching to a ginger-beer "primavera" or dyeing to that sinister darkness known as "cordovan."

—S. H.

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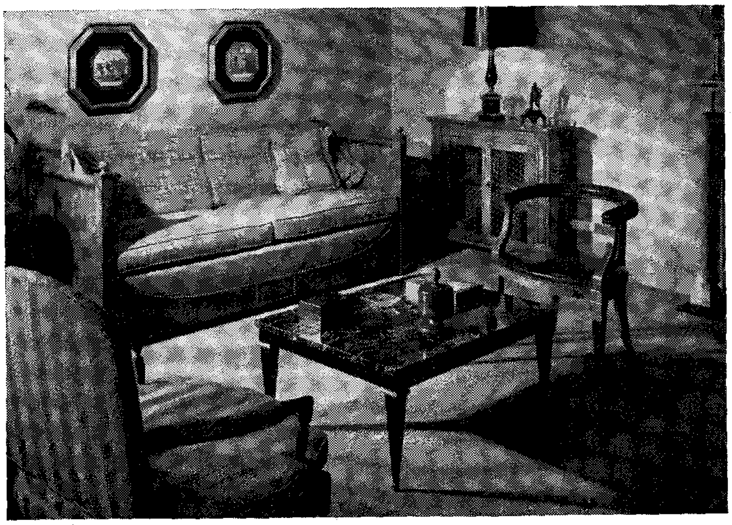

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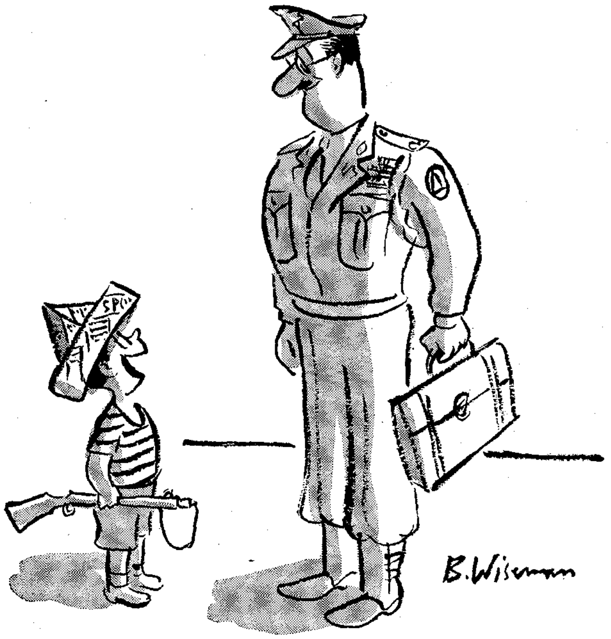

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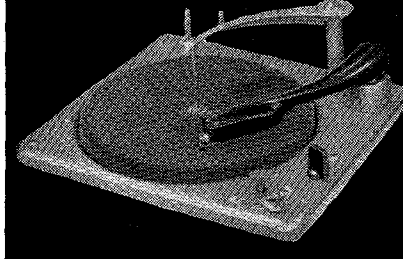

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Who—Me?

HAVING dealt with the problems of homecoming soldiers in "The Best Years of Our Lives," Samuel Goldwyn has now, in a film called "I Want You," got around to describing some of the difficulties our citizens face when they are coaxed or commanded to answer the call to arms. The principal disadvantage of going into military service, Mr. Goldwyn would have us know, is that we must leave our loved ones. To demonstrate this idea, "I Want You" sets us down in one of those shiny communities that Hollywood prefabricates to represent typical American towns, and proceeds to introduce us to a Mr. and Mrs. Greer; their sons Martin and Jack; Martin's wife Nancy; and Jack's sweetheart Carrie. The male Greers are engaged in building summer hotels, the females in worrying about their men. Individually and collectively, they are not what you'd call a stimulating crowd, particularly when Nancy's little boy is around, since he is a snoop and looks like a midget.

When war breaks out in Korea, most of the Greers go into a funk, the exception being old Dad Greer, who pretends that he was a hell of a warrior in his day, although he was never anything more than a general's orderly. Life becomes especially gloomy among the bunch after young Jack is notified to report to his draft board. He gets so petulant when he is eventually drafted that Martin's wife denounces him as a spoiled brat—which, indeed, he seems to be—and his sweetheart, in a burst of lucidity, refuses to marry him before he goes. (It is her ambition to read the "Iliad," "A Critique of Pure Reason," and a couple of hundred other high-toned volumes, and learn Japanese as well, before she surrenders herself to any man.) Obviously no sunshine patriots, Mr. Goldwyn and Irwin Shaw, his screenwriter here, see to it that Jack soon mends his ways and becomes such a first-class defender of hearth and home that his girl friend says "Pfui" to education and joins him in wedlock. Not content with sending Jack off to the wars, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Shaw arrange matters so that Martin also decides to do his bit. For a while, I thought it was touch and go whether they'd throw old Mr. Greer into the struggle, but happily they stayed their hand. Anyhow, what this picture wants you to get straight is the fact that you have a duty to your country. Its commendable message, however, is so long in the telling that Mr. Goldwyn is fortunate he wasn't charged cable rates for it.

The doughty band that has undertaken to enact "I Want You" includes Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Mildred Dunnock, Robert Keith, Farley Granger, and Peggy Dow. The last two portray Jack and his beloved, and unless you're hopelessly romantic, their kissing and cuddling is going to make you awfully tired.

WHILE Mr. Goldwyn is recommending uncritical support of our nation in war, Anatole Litvak is arguing, in "Decision Before Dawn," which he produced and directed, that there are occasions when good men don't agree with Decatur's notion about "Our country, right or wrong." In this picture, we have as our hero a young German prisoner of war (the time is the last war) who is so fed up with his government that he decides to help American Intelligence bring the conflict to a swift close. Most of his spying is done in Nuremberg, Munich, and Mannheim, and his adventures behind his own lines add up to some satisfactory melodrama, all of it filmed on the spot. Now and then, the German's night thoughts about being a traitor to his country give him some pause, but most of the time he's up to his ears in pure cloak-and-dagger work. As the German, Oskar Werner is convincing, and Richard Basehart and Gary Merrill are all right as an American lieutenant and the head man of an American Intelligence unit.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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MOO-MACHINES

To update *Everybody's What's Where* (*f.y.i.*, Aug. 3, '51): the 6th floor's white milk machine is now on the 18th floor. The 21st floor's cigarette machine will probably be found permanently on the 21st floor: it is not listed by Central Services, and presumably Central Services can't move it without officially recognizing it first. Fact is, nobody knows how it got there in the first place. The candy and cooky machine, and the candy, gum and nuts machine which *f.y.i.* reported on the 24th floor are really only one machine, yielding candy, gum and cookies.—*F.Y.I., house organ of Time, Inc.*

O.K., but what happened to those nuts?

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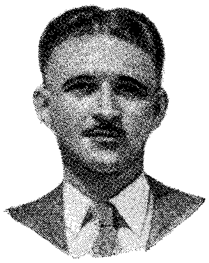

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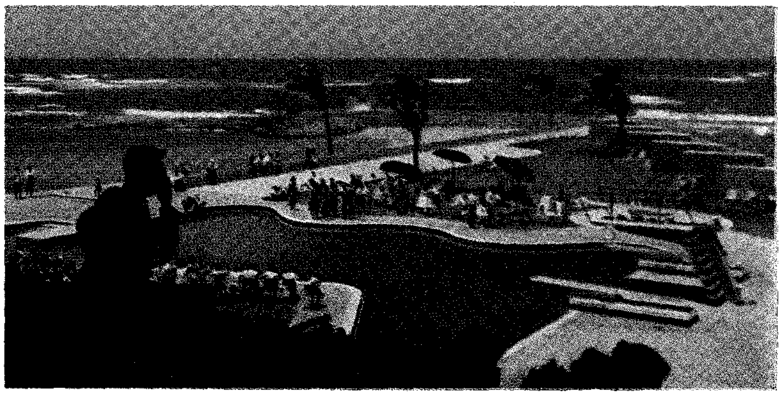

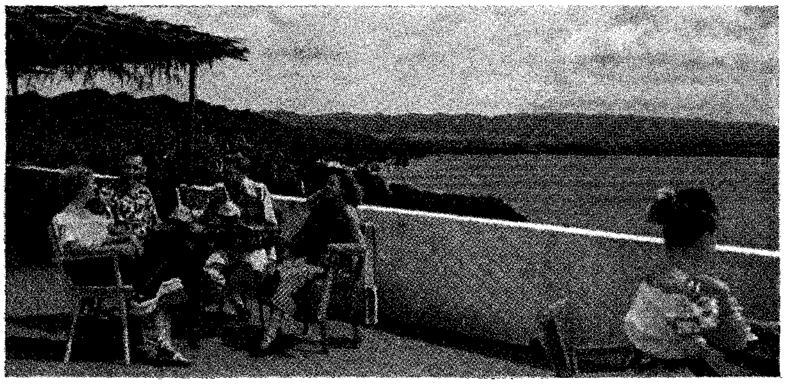

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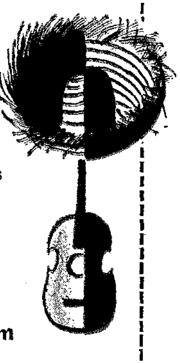

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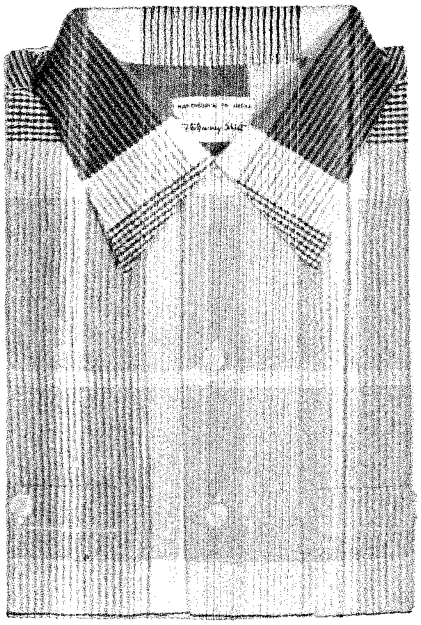

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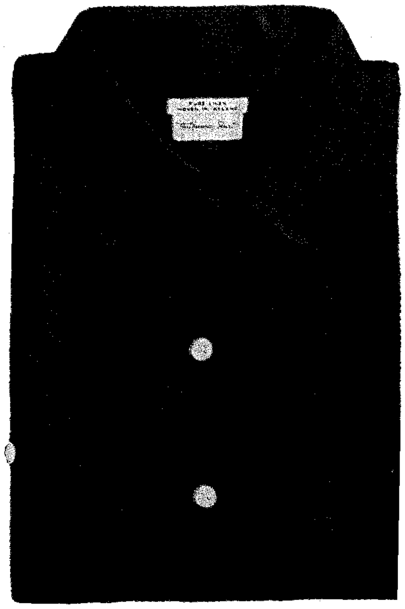

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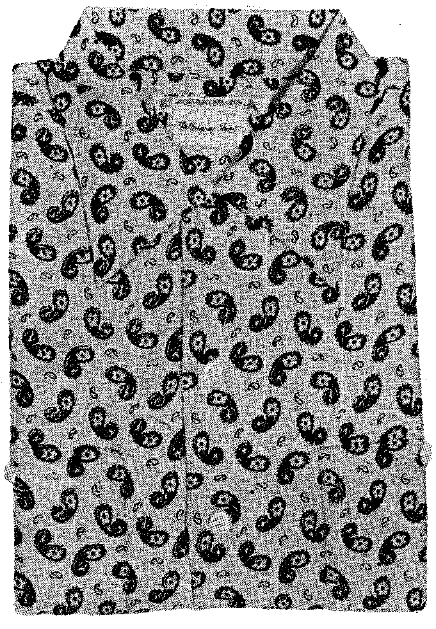

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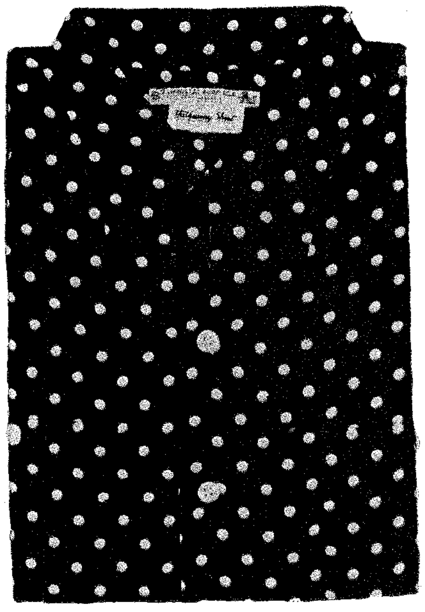

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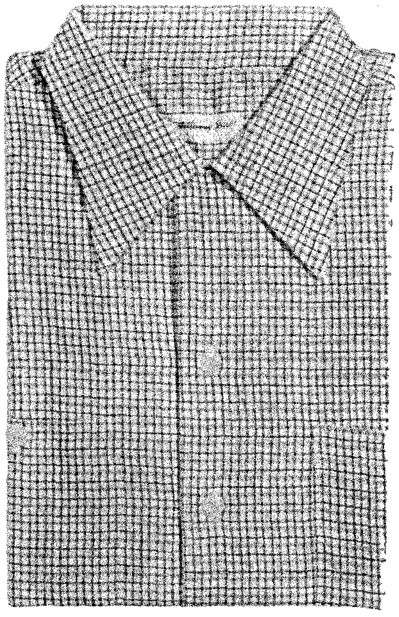

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MUSICAL EVENTS

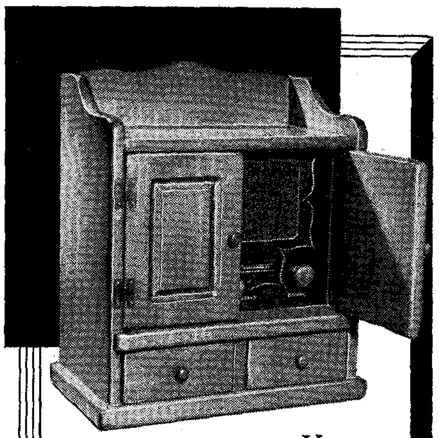
Smaller Than Life

UDAY SHANKAR'S Hindu Ballet, which is winding up an engagement at the ANTA Playhouse, consists of nine dancers and five musicians, all masters of the small effect. Delicate gestures, bland facial expressions, and graceful body movements characterize the dancing, and the accompanying music complements everything exquisitely. In Indian dancing, of course, the motion of the hands tells the story, and since I'm only a beginner at reading hand movements, I was to some extent dependent on the program notes. They weren't necessary, it is true, for following what they described as the "reactions of a peasant girl conscious of the constant gaze of a stranger," or the frolicking in a "scene where young Himalayan damsels surround their lovely companion and tease her because of her coming marriage," but I found that a couple of the longer ballets, based on rather involved legends, required fully as much foreknowledge as would, say, a new composition by Antony Tudor.

Everybody goes barefoot in the Hindu Ballet, and the dancers have a string of tiny bells wound around each ankle. By stubbing his toe skillfully several times in quick succession, a dancer can set up a series of pleasant little shivers of sound in rhythm with the music, which adds a fine fillip to the sight of the dancers weaving slowly around the stage, their bodies bending and swaying, and their feet working in short, rapid, even movements. Shankar himself is an extraordinarily supple and polished performer. On one of the two occasions when he dances solo in the current bill, he is seen "in the act of initiating the lesser Gods in the perfect art of the dance." It is a fascinating lesson. Bare from the waist up, except for some minor adornments and a fancy headdress, he brings into play just about every muscle in his torso. His other solo depicts a warrior on his way to slay a demon, and while this story is more dramatic, Shankar remains cool and detached. The leading female member of the company is Amala, Shankar's wife, who is also a gifted dancer and is never off the stage for long. She has one solo, takes the principal role in several other numbers, and appears opposite her husband in a couple more. The rest of the dancers, both male and female, play subordinate parts throughout. The costumes, by the way, mostly of silk, are extremely colorful and attractive.

The five musicians, seated on the floor at the back of the stage, are a show in themselves. Separated, and half surrounded, by as unusual an assortment of instruments as you are likely to see on any stage, they look like merchants in a market place. The one on the audience's left has gongs that resemble frying pans hanging within reach. The man next to him plays a flute, and the third presides over a couple of dozen pieces of pottery, graduated in size, which are fanned out before him and which he beats with hammers. He is fenced off, at the right, by a low apparatus from which metal discs of various sizes are suspended, and the fourth man strikes these from time to time, as well as one or another of three covered bronze bowls ranged in front of him. (He also drags out a sort of xylophone occasionally and plays it.) The end man on the right occupies himself with some bowl-like wooden drums, arranged in a semicircle. In addition to all these musical devices, there are tiny cymbals, outlandish-looking stringed instruments, and a scattering of other whatnots. Most of them are percussive, and each man has several pairs of hammers to choose from. The music, as you might expect, emphasizes queer sounds more than it does melody or harmony or the development of themes. The band has the stage to itself for one number, and in another the main drummer, Kamalesh Maitra, sits in the center of the stage behind some twenty drums, all about the same size but ascending in pitch from left to right, and, setting his hammers aside for the moment, gives a remarkable demonstration in which his fingers and hands, flying every which way, produce intricate shadings of tone. The Hindu Ballet is an exceptional enterprise, and everyone in it does his job superlatively well.

THE Trapp Family Singers were with us, as usual, this holiday season, giving a couple of concerts in Town Hall, one of which I dropped in on. A tall Christmas tree stood off to one side of the stage, and from its



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branches hung—besides the conventional glittering trimmings—oranges, apples, cookies, and pretzels. In the center of the stage were some chairs, a spinet, and a table, and on the table rested a viola da gamba, the forerunner of the cello. I understand that of the eight singers, all but one is a Trapp. The exception is Dr. Franz Wasner, who serves as conductor and sings bass in the group. The program was divided into three sections—the first an all-vocal one devoted to religious music, the second a collection of secular pieces for both voices and instruments, and the third, all vocal again, consisting of a group of Christmas carols from various lands. During the instrumental numbers, Dr. Wasner played the spinet, one of the others plucked and sawed at the viola da gamba, and the rest played recorders. No matter what they were up to, the Trapps did their work in a tentative, unbending manner—smiling nervously now and then—and the audience, to judge by the applause that followed each number, was pleased by this show of diffidence. The oldest member of the group, Maria Augusta Trapp, had a few words to say between some of the pieces—about the instruments, about the virtues of family singing, and, just before the intermission, about the Trapp Family recordings on sale in the lobby for the benefit of Austrian relief. There was so much *Gemütlichkeit* in the air that it began to grow stuffy, and I left before they got around to the carols.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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BOOKS

The Need of Love

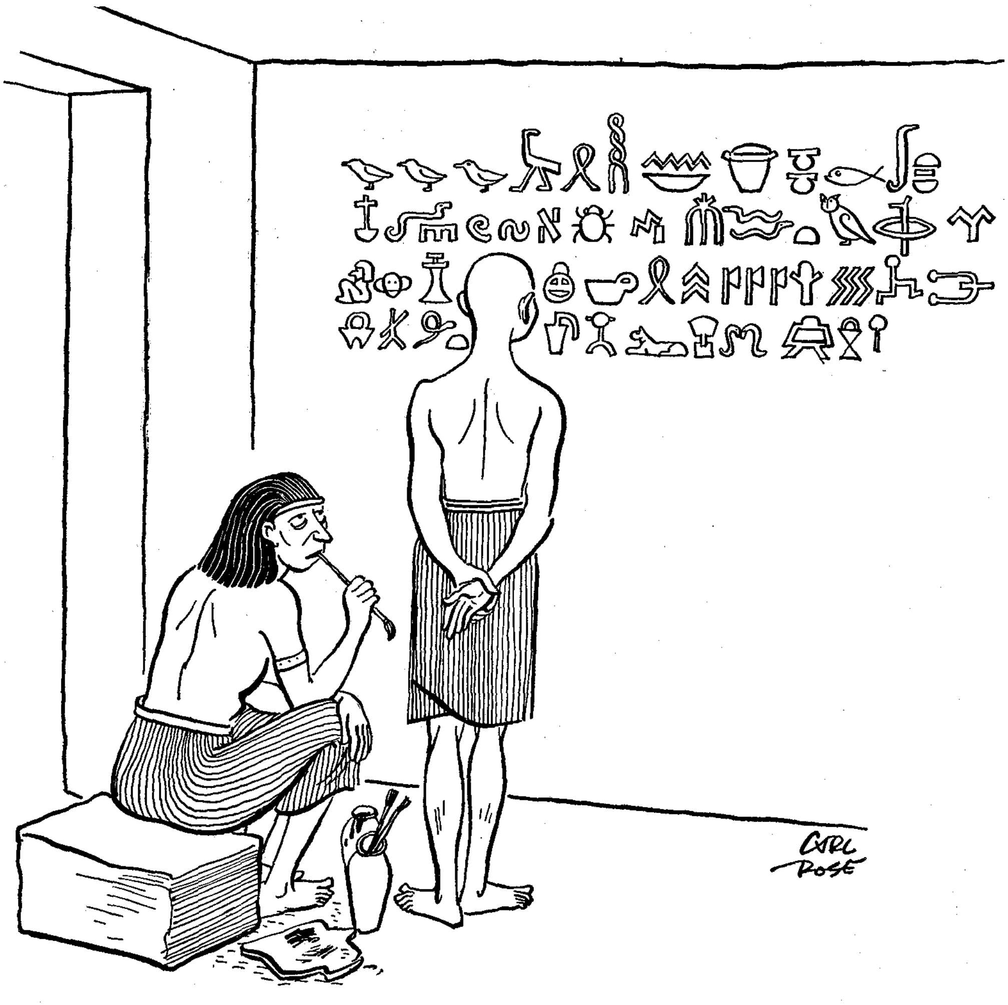
COLETTE, that inhumanly gifted Frenchwoman, writes about lovers, but not as pairs. She gives her attention to those most in love, the more needy ones, and traces in her stories the concessions they have to make, and keep on making, in order to be loved. She writes of the destructiveness of love, of the gradual erosion of the spirit through need, and of the simple truth that in the world of sexual love ordinary strengths count for almost nothing and the thought of equality, or even of fairness, is ridiculous. Equality is not a notion that interests her, as a writer, anyway. Her world contains only two people, one of them struggling to be allowed to stay; this is the only struggle that counts. Outside matters—causes, promises, competitions, and rights—go by the board. She is concerned only with the bed, as it is shared, betrayed, deserted, and adored. No matter where the public sees them, her lovers remain, to all intents and purposes, right beside the bed from which they have just risen, before the maid (there is always a maid—no time for housework in this world) has even had time to come in and air the sheets. The atmosphere of their world, obsessed as they are by themselves and by each other, is at once subhuman and profoundly spiritual, and charged with a villainous awareness that sometimes lags but that never lets up. Usual obligations, like work and children, almost never interfere with them.

Colette's writing is ripe, open, and without shame, and it is self-intoxicated in a way that is sometimes disconcerting, because it is humorless. She has plenty of humor, but of the deadly, malicious, witty sort that flourishes best in society, or against society. Her women meet, for luncheon or tea, to lay each other waste, but their eyes grow faint, turning inward, and they never laugh at themselves. This is just as well, for laughter might make them shy, and then we would not find out so much. Another novelist could stumble and become ludicrous writing in such a manner, but Colette transfigures every page with her genius, and she is always, under all circumstances, entertaining.

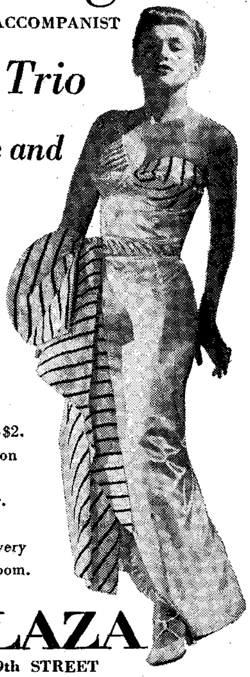
It is a pity that the people who put together the new collection called "Short Novels of Colette" (Dial) were content to do such a haphazard job, because, although they have included "Chéri" and "The Other One," both among her best novels, they have also given space to some much less important stories, which could well have waited till a later date. "Chéri," told in two parts—"Chéri" and "The Last of Chéri"—is a cold, hard, brilliantly polished parable of human love, lightly disguised as a love affair between an aging courtesan, Léa, and a decorative young man, Frédéric Peloux, nicknamed Chéri. Chéri, himself the son of a courtesan, is born, in the eighteen-eighties, into the society and ways of his mother's friends, most of them women of her own profession. Léa, the most beautiful and envied, takes him to live with her when he is a boy, rears him, loves him, and finally releases him to a suitable young woman, for marriage. By then, Chéri is twenty-five and Léa is fifty. She suffers from the separation, but it is only what she expected would happen, and that is that. The first part of the story ends with their separation.

"The Last of Chéri" begins shortly after the First World War. Chéri, now thirty and a veteran of the war, can find nothing familiar in his home or outside it, and he instinctively seeks reassurance in Léa. He finds her unrecognizable, for she has grown not simply old but indifferent to him and to herself. They part for the last time, saying goodbye as strangers. During this fatal meeting, as Chéri stands face to face with the stony, hostile woman Léa has become, he himself alters, and he goes away from her no longer an elegant, self-centered young man but a human being so chilled by rejection that he will never be able to get warm again. Still, he is not yet aware of what has happened to him. Of his departure from Léa's house, Colette writes:

> Under Chéri's feet the stairs were like the bridge of sleep between two dreams, and he found himself in the street, not knowing how he had reached it. He saw the sunset sky mirrored in the stream,



"I'm just plain stuck for a rhyme."



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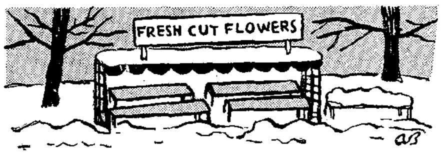
still swollen by the rain, and on the blue backs of the swallows, flying low, and because the dusk was cool and the memory he had brought away with him hid itself, treacherously, in some deep recess of his spirit, there to gather strength and assume its final shape, he believed he had forgotten everything, and he was happy.

It is Léa who is assuming her final, gigantic, complex shape in Chéri's spirit, for in denying him she has revealed his need, and the need is all for her. She has been not merely his mistress but his mother and teacher, the container of his childhood, and the source of all his confidence. If Chéri, bewildered by time and self, is human love, Léa is everything that human creatures love. She is warmth, strength, protection, pleasure, and certainty. Now, unloving, her power is malignant. In his astonishment, Chéri turns for reassurance to a new dream. He dreams that he is not yet born, and he tries to reach back across the years to the time when Léa was young, because he must believe that the kind, natural woman of those days might still love him. A despairing jealousy excites him as he studies ancient snapshots of Léa with her first lovers, but the jealousy is only a last illusion that he still shares life, and he kills himself. Léa, in the earlier story, dies another way, by cutting Chéri off from her. By this act she assures his doom, although she could not have understood that. She herself, a middle-aged woman, after all, with a life behind her, continues to live in her other enjoyments—food, gossip, and the manipulation of money.

Colette often has her people, in their moments of worst crisis, behave as they are obliged to but at the same time lets them imagine themselves behaving quite differently. For instance, Chéri, in his last interview with Léa, talks politely and with control, while he imagines himself on his knees before her, beseeching her to save him. This double exposure is a favorite device of Colette's, and it is natural to her, and natural to the people she writes about, because they watch themselves incessantly and are all perfectly aware, always, of the effect they are creating.

In the next novel in this collection, "The Other One," she has, perhaps, gone farther in this direction, and permitted the second, imaginary self—the complaining, weak one—to assume a name and an identity. "The Other One" is the story of a marriage. Fanny, the wife, a beautiful young woman, has lulled herself into a lethargy, a kind of amiable sleepiness, as a result of trying not to care about the habitual unfaithfulnesses of her husband, Farou. Farou is a successful man of the theatre, who knows many women and sleeps with most of them at one time or another. There is a third character, named Jane, a shaky, shadowy creature, who appears to have a real presence but, behind it all, seems actually to be a personification of Fanny's smothered jealousy. Jane is Fanny's personal maid, her housekeeper, and her companion. She is Farou's secretary as well. She is pretty, but she is also hysterical, servile, voluble, and irrevocably in the wrong when she tries to assert herself. She is given to sudden tears, to pathetic outbursts of affection, and to equally pathetic shows of self-confidence. She is all that Fanny despises, and fears to be.

As the story opens, Fanny realizes that her husband has a new mistress, an actress, and shortly afterward she discovers that he is also sleeping with Jane. Unhappy herself, she gets relief and a mean satisfaction from watching Jane's unconcealed jealousy of the actress. The crisis arrives when she accuses Jane, and then follows a reluctant, frightened scene that sounds more like one outraged woman trying to calm herself than like two arguing. Farou walks in on this, and walks out when he sees what is going on. He goes off alone to a party, and the crisis collapses, leaving the two much as they were before but quite exhausted, and a little deeper in defeat, since they have betrayed their weakness to him. During the unlikely final scene, in which the two women sit timidly together, listening to Farou's stealthy return, we cannot help feeling that we are seeing only one woman, the wife, who regrets having given way to her weakness and is now anxious to be allowed to make amends. Of course, Fanny must make peace with her jealousy, because she knows that if it masters her, it will separate her from Farou. Fanny's need of her husband is so intense that she would seem abject if it were not that her desire to please is matched by her determination to be pleased by him. This determination, which she shares with all of Colette's women, and which alone compels their concessions and their compromises, is what makes the stories work. But it must be admitted that Farou seems much too busy a man to be able to

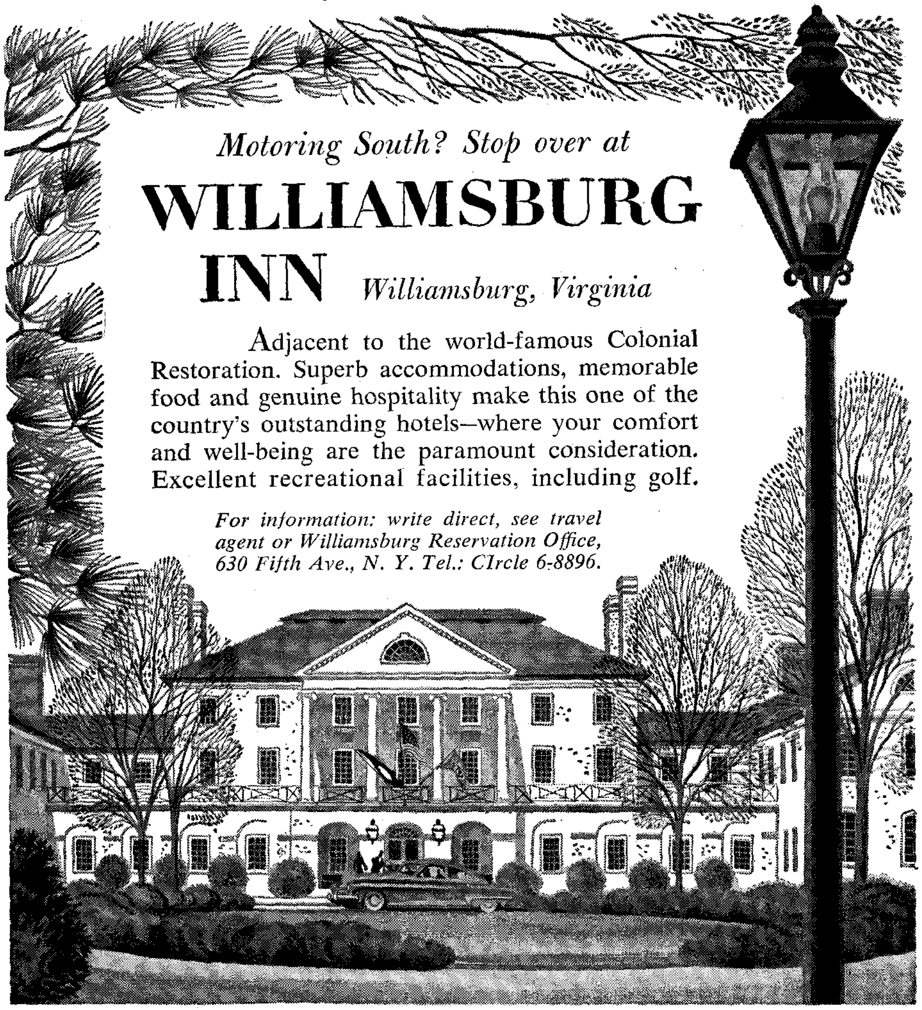


make even the vaguest anguish worth while.

This is as good a place as any to remark that, except when they end in a death, Colette's stories do not have endings. We finish each story with the feeling that the people in there have been granted a breathing spell—no more than that. Their natures will continue alternately to feed and to suffocate each other until indifference sets in, unless jealousy becomes strong enough to drive them apart. This is true whether she writes of love in marriage or out of it. Indifference, the fading of recognition, the death of love, is the chill wind that blows about all her stories, the threat it holds giving them their steady perspective. These people are never permitted to forget that their time is short and their time together perhaps very short. This intimation of change comes to them naturally, not from outside but from their doubt of themselves and of each other, and from reminders and encounters that rise up out of the past to harass them. There is nothing unreasonable about Colette, even in her most heightened moments. She says only that we love as we can, and she is as matter of fact about the course of sexual love as she is romantic about its extravagances.

"Duo" is a much slighter story of jealousy in marriage. "The Cat" is a grotesque, somewhat playful retelling of the story of Chéri. It is a fancy little novel, full of handsome young people and pretty sights and sounds. The most remarkable person in it is an older woman, an echo of all Colette's subtle, powerful older women, every one of them a born mother-in-law. "The Indulgent Husband" is a very early novel. It is a highly sensuous, even sensational story about an extremely young girl married to a much older man, who condones and oversees her love affairs. This complacent young-old husband could be taken for a caricature of Colette's first husband, Willy, the one she is reported to have described as "worse than mature."

The editors of this book might well have attempted a chronological collection of novels, or several chronological collections, instead of assembling a hodgepodge from Colette's whole writing life. Most of her novels are very short. None of them is very long. Many of them are far better than the three just named. Glenway Wescott has written an introduction to this volume, and he makes several interesting remarks about the fierce bond of love,



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understanding, and mutual respect that existed between Colette and her mother.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SEASONS' DIFFERENCE, by Frederick Buechner (Knopf). A novel about some people, children and grownups, spending a summer in the country. One of the group, a schoolteacher, is reported in the first chapter to have seen a vision, which is supposed to get the story off to a meaningful start but simply serves as a desperate intimation of the high-flown nonsense to follow. Mr. Buechner's summer heat seems to have been produced by defective steampipes, turned on full. His people chatter banalities with an operatic self-confidence that is deadening when it is not deafening, and whatever honest impulse he started work with is soon buried under a heap of opinionated generalizations, heavy ironies, and stale social satire.

THE DARK MOMENT, by Ann Bridge (Macmillan). Another dreadful attempt to hang a big moment of history around the necks of some characters and make a novel of it. The scene is Turkey, the time 1914 to 1923, the subject the changing Turkish attitude toward the modern world—and in particular the change in the behavior of Turkish women—and the heroine is an independent, beautiful, and wise young woman named Féridé. The Literary Guild selection for January.

GENERAL

THOMAS JEFFERSON, by Nathan Schachner (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A two-volume biography that is clearly intended to be definitive. Mr. Schachner is well equipped for the job; not only is he an able writer but he has previously done biographies of Alexander Hamilton, Jefferson's political and personal enemy, and Aaron Burr, Jefferson's Vice-President, whose conspiracy against the United States was launched during Jefferson's administration. The book does not, however, concentrate on politics; the author tries to examine all facets of the mind of the man who took the whole of human knowledge as his province and whose estimate of his achievements is expressed in the succinct epitaph he wrote shortly before his death: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the American Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom & Father of the University of Virginia."

EMBATTLED MAIDEN, by Giraud Chester (Putnam). This is not a very fortunate title for a biography of Anna Dickinson, a rather noisy footnote character in nineteenth-century American history, though a fairly interesting one. Miss Dickinson, a Quaker from Philadelphia, began her odd career at the age of twenty-one, when, with no evident qualifications whatever, she addressed President Lincoln and a joint session of Congress on the subject of how the Civil War could be won. After that triumph, she became known as America's Joan of Arc (although a correspondent for the London *Telegraph* called her a "crazy Jane in a red jacket") and barnstormed the Northern states, making recruiting speeches. The war over, she went on the Lyceum circuit, then succumbed to a yearning to be a tragedienne and starred in a four-act play about Anne Boleyn, which she wrote herself (mixed notices). The last part of her life was lived in almost total obscurity in the town of Goshen, New York, where she died in 1932, aged ninety. Mr. Chester admires the lady and makes out a case for her, but her shrill brand of feminism and her predilection for bringing lawsuits make her sound a little trying.

THE ESSENTIAL T. E. LAWRENCE, edited by David Garnett (Dutton). A book of writings by and about Lawrence of Arabia, compiled by his good friend and literary steward; the object of the work is to explain and portray Lawrence in his own words, with a little assistance from outside commentators. If this aim has not been completely realized, the book is nevertheless the clearest picture of him yet achieved. We first see him as a precocious youth digging up archeological ruins in odd corners of Europe and the Middle East and writing spirited letters home. Then comes the First World War, and with it the strange role that Lawrence played in the desert, followed by his disappointment with the Versailles peace and his years of pseudonymous eclipse while serving in Britain's peacetime Air Force. The letters he wrote during this final phase of his career are tantalizing, in that he would reveal something of himself in one letter and obscure it or con-

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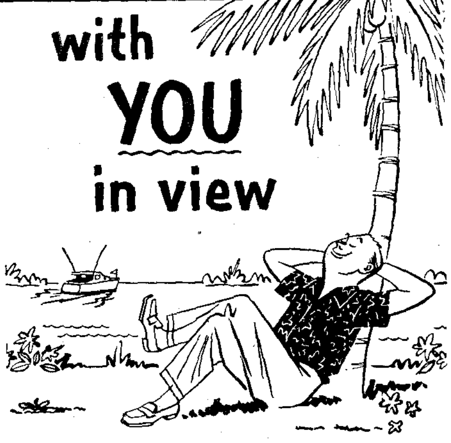

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tradict it in the next, but contradictoriness—he was a bashful showoff, a hardhearted humanitarian, a scholarly man of action who cloistered himself in barracks—was perhaps the most significant of his "essentials."

TWO: GERTRUDE STEIN AND HER BROTHER, AND OTHER EARLY PORTRAITS (1908-12), by Gertrude Stein, with a foreword by Janet Flanner (Yale). The manuscripts of Gertrude Stein's unpublished writings were left by her to the Yale University Library, and the Yale Press is now bringing them out in a series that will run to at least eight volumes. This first volume contains "portraits" in the style of the already published portraits of Matisse and Picasso. The one that deals with Gertrude and Leo Stein takes up two-fifths of the book, and many pages of it are repetitions of the theme with which it begins: "The sound there is in them comes out from them. Each one of them has sound in them. Each one of them has sound coming out of them. There are two of them. One of them is a man and one of them is a woman." This is the kind of thing that Donald Sutherland, in his recent book on Gertrude Stein, explains as a bold reduction of human beings to their personal essences, but what he does not tell you about it is that it makes very boring reading.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HANDBOOK FOR POISONERS, an anthology edited by Raymond T. Bond (Rinehart). After a foreword dealing with some of the great poisoners of history, which makes it seem that killing off the people you dislike is one of the simplest things in the world, Mr. Bond reprints twelve more or less celebrated fictional studies of the subject. These range in merit from Dorothy Sayers' "Suspicion" and Agatha Christie's "Accident," both of which are technically about as good as they can be, to a couple of items by Kipling and Hawthorne, which the modern reader is apt to find archaic, naïve, and practically unreadable. On the whole, however, this is an admirable collection, guaranteed to make you look on your nearest and dearest with some apprehension and alarm. In addition to the authors previously named, those represented in the book are Anthony Wynne, E. C. Bentley, Miriam Allen deFord, Phyllis Bottome, Irvin S. Cobb, R. Austin Freeman, and G. K. Chesterton, any one of whom would obviously be capable of making

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your murder look like an accident. In some ways an immoral book, but certainly a fascinating one.

The Virgin Huntress, by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding (Simon & Schuster). Monty Duchesne is an almost classic snob, but his susceptibility is such that he marries a woman who has, in his opinion, no gift at all for stylish life and contracts a liaison with another, whom he feels obliged to poison when it seems she is about to have a baby. He is living in a shabby Staten Island boarding house, on the verge of still another *mésalliance*, when, in the excitement and confusion of a V-J Day celebration, he meets a rich, aristocratic South American widow, who is plainly the answer to all his dreams. He might easily have been successful with her, for she is middle-aged and of a somewhat sentimental disposition, if it hadn't been for the intervention of her niece, who thinks it would be wise to find out a little about his background and so, naturally, brings him to his just deserts. Mrs. Holding's plot is occasionally contrived, but her central character is a very satisfactory study in abnormal psychology.

A Client Is Canceled, by Richard and Frances Lockridge (Lippincott). Mr. and Mrs. Lockridge have written a book about a young couple, not the Norths, who call each other Oh-Oh and the Pooh. There are reasons for these nicknames, but hardly adequate ones. This pair get themselves mixed up in the murder of a tobacco tycoon, and though there are a great many other likely suspects, they are the ones that Captain Heimrich, a subtle and devious policeman, seems to favor. Barring the coyness, this is a sound and workmanlike job.

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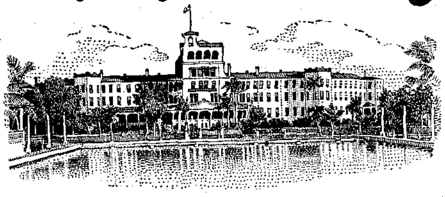

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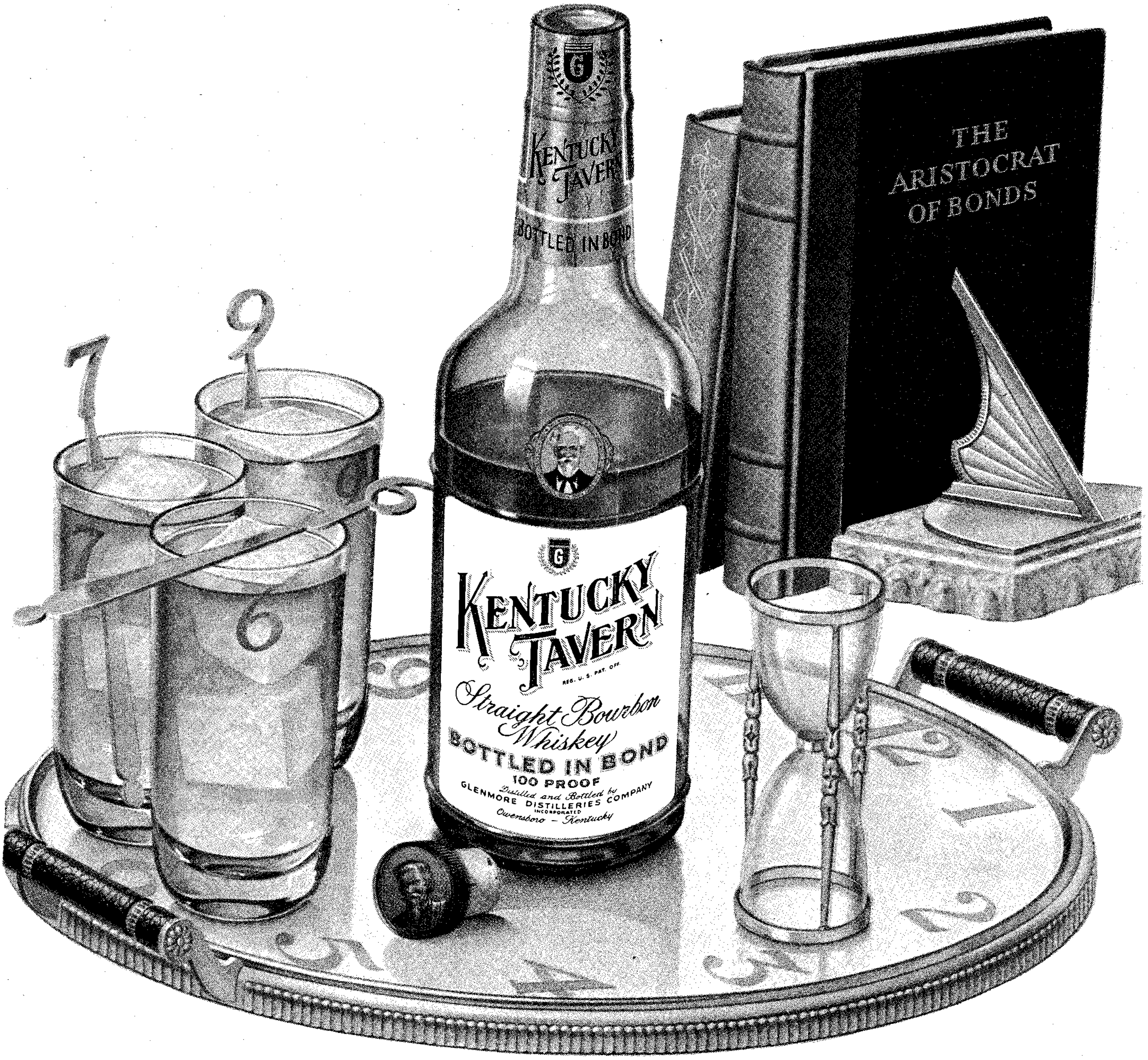
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